

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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REV. ALFRED GRIFFITH.

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REV. ALFRED GRIFFITH, one of the fathers of the Baltimore conference, was born in Montgomery county, Maryland, March 16, 1783. His father was a captain in the war of Independence, and an active participant in many of its battles. At the battle of Germantown General Smallwood called for volunteers to dislodge a body of grenadiers, who were making sad havoc with the American lines. Captain Griffith, among others, presented himself with his company for this service, and of eighty-four men, the number of his command, he returned from the charge with only sixteen, himself bearing a fearful wound, whose honorable scar he carried to his grave.

The influences which surrounded Mr. Griffith in very early life were not friendly to spiritual religion. His family were adherents of the Episcopal Church, whose parsons, in those days, were in the habit of attending the frolics, particularly the dancing parties in the parish, and as the most distinguished of the guests, with some staid and churchly matron, leading off the merry dance—thus giving the Church's sanction and the pastor's blessing to the sports of the night. Grace being thus *done* for the hop, and "reel," and "honey-moon," left in the "odor of sanctity," the parson retired into what was called the gentleman's room to perform a like office for the cards, and for the bowls of apple-toddy, the favorite beverage of the people of Montgomery at that period. Under such *religious* influences in the neighborhood, unopposed by any thing different at home, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Griffith can recall no early religious impressions, and remembers his boyhood as remarkable mostly for its irrepressible tendencies to mischief.

Mr. Griffith's opportunities for education were such only as were afforded by his own neighbor-

hood; but the circle of the sciences which lay open to him, narrow as it was, still contained something for which he had a special aptitude, and in which he found great satisfaction. He was by nature a Pythagorean; his soul had a near affinity to *numbers*. With such pleasure and success did he prosecute the study of arithmetic, that at the age of thirteen he had twice threaded to the end the mazes of Dilworth, and his honest master sent him home to his father with the message, that he had taught his son all that he himself knew, and as he did not wish to receive money without rendering an equivalent, the boy had better be kept at home.

His father seeing his skill in figures and his devotion to them, next determined to start him in the higher mathematics. A gentleman living some six miles away, and noted as a mathematician, was teaching a class of three young men; into this class young Griffith entered, and, though a boy, nobly and successfully struggled with those greatly his seniors for the palm of distinction. No one well acquainted with Mr. Griffith can for a moment doubt what would have been the result had he continued in that line of study; as it is, mathematical precision and directness are among his most marked characteristics.

Immediately upon the heels of these things came occurrences which seriously threatened to give to Mr. Griffith's life a direction altogether different from that which is now history. We refer to his father's purpose to make him a lawyer. A preceptor had already been engaged, when, as was supposed, it was found needful, before allowing the lad to encounter the mysteries of his destined profession, that he should spend some time in the study of Latin, and the day was actually fixed for starting him to Princeton. His mother's interposition, however, or perhaps rather that of divine Providence, spoiled the scheme and prevented the consummation of the father's hopes. One day, a short time before the

journey to Princeton was to have taken place, the husband and father, seated at his desk examining his accounts, heard his wife in another part of the room sobbing as though her heart would break, and turning to inquire the cause, he was met by a response something like the following: "Why, you are going to send off that poor boy to college to make a lawyer of him." "Well, what of that? What is there in it to make you cry?" "What is there in it? Why, I never in my life knew a lawyer who was not a wicked man, and if our boy should become one he 'll be just like the rest of them, and he 'll be lost."

After this dialogue it was never known what had become of the law; it was somehow or other disposed of, and history, and the Church, and Providence were left free to introduce the preacher. In after life, when this incident was related to Rev. John Davis, the bosom friend of Mr. Griffith, he familiarly but feelingly ejaculated, "God bless the old lady! I always loved her, but I love her now better than ever; for if they had made you a lawyer, you never would have been a preacher, and the devil would have gotten you."

Mr. Griffith was converted in the great revival which began in 1799, under the Rev. Wilson Lee. Mr. Lee had just returned from the wilds of Kentucky, where his body and mind had both been broken down by his incessant labors and an unfriendly climate. Mr. Asbury found it necessary to bring him back to his native air; but Mr. Lee's religion was of that type that knows no rest but with the cessation of life. He had scarcely gone his first round on Montgomery circuit, where he found religion at a low ebb, when his zeal broke forth afresh, consuming himself perhaps, but awakening new life in the Church—the life of a holy, happy experience, preparing her for unwonted aggressions and unrivaled successes.

During this year—1799—as it appears from the Minutes, Mr. Lee was only a supernumerary on Montgomery circuit; and as the Minutes show that the great increase took place the following year, the great revival, however prepared for the year before, must belong to the years 1800 and 1801, when Mr. Lee was preacher in charge. Its beginning was on this wise. Living near St. James's Church, in Howard county, at that time embraced in Anne Arundel, was a gentleman by the name of Daniel Elliot, whose house was a regular preaching-place. In the same vicinity was the home of an excellent lady, Mrs. Elder, a sister of Governor Howard, who was equally distinguished for elegant urbanity and humble piety. But even more distinguished for piety, and especially for faith, was her colored waiting-man Charles. In the general declension of re-

ligion every one said if there was a Christian left among them it was Charles. Charles and his mistress were both Methodists. Mr. Lee having determined to open the campaign at this place, covenanted with the faithful, saintly Charles, that at the next meeting, while he—Mr. Lee—should be preaching in the principal room, Charles should be on his knees, in a shed-room, opening into that in which the service was proceeding, engaged in agonizing supplication for the success of the word. When the time came, and the neat, the graceful, the attractive preacher, of whom men stood in awe while they admired him, arose in the crowded parlor, true to his engagement Charles was on his knees in the shed-room, and as the word fell from the lips of the minister, the prayer of faith from God's image in ebony ascended the hill of the Lord. There was present on that day in that place a power more than human: the people cried out aloud; they fell on every side; they shouted; they prayed; they implored; they wept sore, so that the room at that moment presented a scene, which, viewed by the eye of criticism, might have been characterized as confusion worse confounded. Into the midst of this scene now came the pious Charles. He had heard the Lord's answer of human shouts and groans, and not venturing to rise, he entered the room walking on his knees, while the tears streamed down over his black face, now made, if not white, at least intensely bright, by the grateful joy which overspread it. Many souls were converted at that single meeting, which was the more glorious because it was only one of a glorious series—only the beginning of a widely-extended, long-continued revival of religion, reaching to Baltimore city and county, to Frederick county, to the Eastern Shore of Maryland, to Pennsylvania, and to Virginia, and lasting till 1808. In the early part of this most gracious period—1801—Mr. Griffith was awakened under the ministry of Rev. John Potts, and was soon after admitted into the Church by Rev. David Stevens.

In a short time the youthful convert was appointed leader of his class and soon after made his first attempt to preach. The beginning to preach happened in this way: A local preacher was expected to fill an appointment in the church to which Mr. Griffith belonged, but for some reason did not come, and the brethren insisted that he—Mr. Griffith—should take his place. Preach! why, he had allowed no one to know that he had ever even dreamed of such a thing. He resisted right manfully, but they persisted obstinately, till, almost forced by their urgency, he asked permission to retire into the woods, telling them that upon his return he would let them know whether

or not he could preach. In retirement and prayer he sought divine direction and returned resolved to try. When the preaching was over he found himself unable to recall any thing he had said, but he remembered well what he had seen and heard—the flowing tears, the hearty responses, the joyful shouts.

At a quarterly meeting, not long after, when Mr. Griffith was not present, the Rev. Enoch George, afterward Bishop, had him licensed as a local preacher; and when the circuit preacher came round he handed the unsuspecting youth a piece of paper, which, on opening, he discovered to be a license to preach, and immediately let it fall. The minister picked it up, and handing it again to Mr. Griffith said: "Brother George told me he supposed you would not accept the license, and directed me to say that if you refused to preach God would kill you." The young man retained the paper.

The last quarterly meeting of the following year brought with it a scene for which Mr. Griffith, with all his convictions, was scarcely prepared. Presiding elder George was in the chair, and besides Mr. Griffith there were present at least two other local preachers. When the question of recommendations to the annual conference to be received on trial came up, there were propositions to recommend both the others, but each of them, as his name was mentioned, made his apology and declined. The presiding elder then named Mr. Griffith, and turning his eye upon him and shaking his finger solemnly, or, rather, menacingly in his face, he said, "Now, do you too flash in the pan if you dare." The young preacher was silent; this was but the re-utterance of the divine voice which had been speaking within him from the hour of his conversion.

In 1806 the subject of our sketch was received into the Baltimore conference and appointed to Wyoming circuit, with Christopher Frye as his colleague. The circuit, like all others in that day, was large, and the fare poor and coarse enough. The only drink they had besides water was coffee (?) made of buckwheat bread. The process of making this drink was to hold a piece of buckwheat bread, called a slap-jack, in the fire with the tongs till completely charred, and then to boil it in an iron pot. The liquor thus obtained, sweetened with maple sugar, received from Mr. Griffith the name of slap-jack coffee, and by this designation came to be generally known. As to eating, from early in June till autumn, except when on the flats, they had not a morsel of meat of any kind. Poultry could not be raised, nor pigs, nor sheep; for as soon as any thing of the sort made its appearance it was

carried off by the foxes, the bears, the panthers, or the wolves. If now and then a man was found bold enough to attempt to keep a hog, the pen was built just at the front door of the cabin; and if he owned a calf it was brought up and tied behind the house every night, and the guns kept loaded and at hand to drive off or kill the invading panther or wolf. As they rested at night on their bear-skins or deer-skins, they frequently heard around them the wailing scream of the panther or the howl of the wolf, and the sight of a bear was more common than that of a pig or a lamb.

The sleeping was as poor, in some instances, as the eating and drinking. About fifty miles from the flats lived a humble family by the name of Kramer, consisting of husband and wife, with one son, Abraham by name. Their house was both stopping-place and church for our young itinerant, who had for his bed, when he remained over night with them, the frame of an old loom, across whose beams were laid slats, and on the slats a bear-skin or two. These, with a pair of clean sheets, which were kept exclusively for the preachers, and a few superincumbent duds, constituted the sleeping apparatus. Abe, as he was familiarly called, was the preacher's bed-fellow; and on one occasion, when Mr. Griffith had just committed himself to his loom and bear-skins for the night and lay waiting for young Abraham, who was a stalwart boy of twenty, he happened to cast his eye into one corner of the room, or rather of the house, that room being the only one, when a sight met him at once puzzling and grotesque. There was good mother Kramer, with her boy Abe before her, who stood with lamb-like docility while the old lady pinned round him a snow-white sheet, which reached from the chin to the ground, making him look, his decidedly-human head being excepted, for all the world like a veritable ghost. "Why, mother," said the young preacher, "what on earth are you doing to Abe? Are you making a ghost of him?" "No, child," replied the inventive housewife, "no; but Abe is n't fit to sleep with a preacher unless he is wrapped up in some such way as this."

At one of his appointments the young preacher was met by an Irishman by the name of Matthew Bortree, who had been a Methodist in his native country, but having emigrated to this country and settled where he enjoyed no religious advantages, he had become cold and backslidden. But the Holy Spirit again visited him, and he became deeply anxious to retrieve his spiritual losses, and the object of his present visit was to get the promise of the preachers to visit his settlement and establish there an appointment. The settle-



ment was of about twenty years' standing, and yet a sermon had never been heard, nor a minister of the Gospel seen in it. Upon consultation between the preachers it was determined that Mr. Griffith should make the first visit to the new field and preach the Gospel "in the regions beyond," to people who had never heard its joyful proclamation. The time was fixed and a young man was to be sent to meet the preacher at Kramer's and conduct him through a great wilderness, called the "Big Beech Woods," to Bortree's house. In pursuance of his engagement, at the proper time Mr. Griffith started for Kramer's—rode all day without eating a morsel, and reached the friendly cabin about nightfall, having come fifty miles. Of course he was weary and hungry. Mother Kramer said she was glad to see him, but sorry he had come, for she had nothing, nothing at all to give him to eat. Mr. Griffith said he was sorry too, for he was very hungry—could n't mother Kramer possibly find something that a man could eat? The good woman promised to try, and upon rummaging among some broken crockery she found a dry crust of bread, which, added to a very small fish which Abe had that day caught in the branch, and which she immediately cooked, was the supper and dinner of the young preacher, after a ride of fifty miles and preaching twice. The fish and bread, which Providence made sufficient without a miracle, being found, the good woman drew out a wash-tub, and placing a board over it for a table, on which in the moiety of a plate she arrayed the dinner, and before which she placed a three-legged stool, she invited the preacher to eat, adding, as she concluded her invitation, "There 's your dinner, it 's all I have; if I had more you should have it. But if you are a good man it 's good enough for you, and if not it 's too good." By daybreak the next morning the father and Abe had returned from the mill, whither they had gone to replenish their exhausted larder, and the young itinerant had, considering time and place, a good breakfast; plenty of corn-bread, washed down with slap-jack coffee—that and nothing else.

The next evening he and his guide arrived at the settlement and were met by seventy or eighty persons, all anxious to see that strange sight, a preacher. He put up with Bortree, and no sooner was he in the house than they insisted he should preach the same evening. He consented, and while he preached the people gazed and wondered—not one present, perhaps, except Bortree, had ever before been witness of such a scene. The next day he preached morning, afternoon, and night. After the second service, he was approached by a great, rough fellow by the name

of Bill Clemens, who asked him what he meant by the Methodist Church. The answer was given by reading from the Discipline the General Rules and the Articles of Faith. Clemens, with ill-suppressed indications of feeling, remarked, that if that was all he would not object to becoming a Methodist himself. The appointment was regularly kept up, and when winter set in the seriousness, marked from the first, had grown into deep penitence, and there was a repetition of those scenes of revival which had been witnessed in so many other parts of the country. The young preacher could but observe that these people who had never beheld a revival, had never even read of one, were converted, wept, rejoiced, shouted, just as he had seen so many do in his native state; and before conference every man and woman, and every child over fourteen years old in the whole settlement had professed religion and joined the Church, with a single exception, and he was a whisky-seller. Even this man's wife was brought in. The reformation, however, took from him his occupation, and cursing the neighborhood into heaps he left for parts unknown. Matthew Bortree became a local preacher and Bill Clemens a class-leader; and on the spot where Bortree's house stood now stands, as we are informed, a fine church.

In 1813 Mr. Griffith was stationed in Annapolis. During that year the British threatened the place, coming quite near with their ships, and lying there for some time to the no small annoyance and damage of the country people especially, whose cattle they carried off in considerable numbers. Annapolis had to be fortified, and Mr. Griffith, with the zeal and self-sacrifice of a true patriot, worked day by day with spade, or shovel, or pick, along side of the stoutest in throwing up the breast-works. In connection with this work he tells an amusing little story. At that time we had no penitentiary in Maryland, and the class of criminals now confined in that description of prisons was compelled to work on the public highways, at the wheel-barrow, with ball and chain about the leg. Living at Annapolis was an old Mr. B., a Democrat and a great wag, between whom and a student at St. John's College by the name of K., still living, there were frequent sharp and witty passages, the latter being a zealous Whig. It so happened in the apportionment of the work of digging, and pitching, and wheeling, that the wheel-barrow fell to the lot of Mr. K., whose Democratic opponent rejoiced over him, telling him that "Jimmy Madison had brought him to the wheel-barrow at last." *Wheel-barrow* man was the name for a convict.

The next year saw our friend stationed at Fell's Point, Baltimore. During this year, as our



readers know, the British made their attempt to reach Baltimore, and in connection with this attempt the battle of North Point occurred. Mr. Griffith watched the progress of events with intense interest. From Sunday till Thursday he neither took off his coat nor untied his cravat; awake all the time, day and night, he saw the flash of every charge of powder burnt during that time in the vicinity of the city; and so deep did his interest become, so strongly was his hereditary Revolutionary patriotism stirred within him, so anxious was he indeed to fight, that he was led to suspect that all was not right in his Christian experience. "If ever a man wanted to be in a fray, or to shoot an Englishman, he did." As the nearest approach which, as a minister, he could make to the satisfaction of the war-spirit within him, he secured a musket and ammunition, resolved, if the British should come into the city, and any Englishman came to his door and addressed him in other than respectful language, he would shoot him. When the battle and its excitement were past, the remembrance of these things gave him no little pain. He mentioned the matter to Bishop M'Kendree and asked him if he thought such feelings sinful. The Bishop's answer made it a case of highly-excited *amor patriæ*, entirely innocent, if not positively virtuous.

Mr. Griffith has had a decidedly-public as well as a more secluded and private life. He has been a member of some eight or ten General conferences, always a watching and working member, actively and boldly, though unobtrusively, participating in the most important business of that day. In the annual conference he has occupied for years, and still occupies, a position which we shall not attempt to describe, because we should be compelled, out of respect for his modesty, to say too little for our feelings and too little for the public estimate. Mr. Griffith, like most of the early Methodist preachers, is very unwilling to be made the theme of public, written comment or criticism, however friendly or even laudatory the writing might be. For a just estimate of his life and character we must wait for a time which we would fain hope and pray may be far off.

#### HOW WITH GOD.

WITH God there is no freeman but his servant, though in the galleys; no slave but the sinner, though in a palace; none noble but the virtuous, if never so basely descended; none rich but he that possesseth God, even in rags; none wise but he that is a fool to himself and the world; none happy but he whom the world pities.

#### THE DYING YEAR.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

THE Old Year is dying—is dying slow—  
And why should we bid him stay?  
His mission is ended and let him go,  
For the New leadeth on to the May.  
The Old Year is dying—is dying slow—  
And 't is time for the toll of the bell;  
He treated us kindly—but let him go—  
For the New Year will bless us as well.  
The Old Year is dying—but let us not weep—  
He stole some of our joys, 't is true,  
But he gave us some gifts of gladness to keep,  
And buried our sorrows, too.  
The Old Year is dying—and let him go—  
For we mount one starry step more  
In the stairway that leads from the halls below  
To the shining vestibule door,  
Opening into the mansions so many and fair  
In the house of our Father on high;  
The New Year will carry us nearer there,  
And so let the Old Year die.

#### WITHERED LEAVES.

BY ANNIE E. HOWE.

FALL, ye withered leaves,  
Fall, rustling, from the boughs that bore ye;  
The chill, sad autumn eves  
Have robbed ye of your summer's glory.  
No more the sweet-voiced rains may woo;  
Nor drops of cool, refreshing dew;  
No more the sunshine's cheerful glow,  
Nor zephyrs soft that gently blow,  
To life and vigor may restore ye.  
Fall, ye withered leaves;  
Yea, fall from off the boughs that bore ye;  
The lone wind sadly grieves  
Because of all your wasted glory.  
The birds no more their music sweet  
Shall warble in your cool retreat;  
But careless feet, with heavy tread,  
Shall trample o'er your dismal bed,  
And cold, bleak winds go whistling o'er ye.  
I shall fall, sad leaves;  
The winds will chant the mournful story.  
The still and starlit eves;  
The morns, all radiant with glory;  
The fair, sweet summer come again;  
The flowers plead, but plead in vain.  
No sighing brook nor singing birds,  
Nor loving friends with tender words,  
To bloom and vigor may restore me.  
I shall dwell, sad leaves,  
With white-robed spirits gone before me;  
Where the soul ne'er grieves  
O'er many a fair but fading glory;  
Where gates of pearl and amethyst  
Shut out the drifting clouds of mist,  
That gather o'er this world below;  
And I no pain nor grief shall know,  
Nor life's rude winds no more sweep o'er me.

## LIFE'S LESSONS.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

"**T**RIBULATION worketh patience." There was a sad smile around the lips that said it, and the eyes of the speaker were full of unshed tears, as if, after all, the heart rebelled a little, and could not quite quiet itself with those words of trust. She sat in the full glow of the red fire-light, a patient, gentle-looking woman; and on a cushion at her feet sat a young girl, with her face hidden in the folds of her dress, and sobbing passionately. "Tribulation worketh patience;" she said it over and over, more to her own heart than to the weeper, and all the time smoothed softly the golden head pillowed in her lap. The head was lifted at last, and a fair face looked up, stained and swollen with weeping, but still very beautiful.

"How can you say that, Lucy—'tribulation worketh patience?' It does not, *it never can* in my heart. It only works despair."

"It is a hard lesson to learn, darling, but some hearts have learned it, and when the agony was past have blessed God for so teaching them. The tribulation has come upon us, we can not escape that; it is real, terribly real; now which shall it work for us, patience or despair?"

"Perhaps you have the power to choose, but I have not. It is not so much for you to be patient, it is your nature, and then you have not so great cause for grief as I."

The young face was hidden again, and tears dropped like rain through the small white fingers. By and by they ceased flowing, and the head was laid, with a long, tired sob, upon the lap where it had rested before.

So the hours went by in silence, while the fire-light shone clear and steadily into the room; sometimes glorifying the lonely watchers by its radiance, then waving and fading away like the dreams and the hopes they had cherished.

Maggie Howard had cause to weep. Five years before her mother had died, just as the sensitive, high-spirited child was learning to feel most her need of a tender counselor, whose love was even greater than the many faults that tried it sorely. She had no brother, and her only sister was married and in a home of her own; so Maggie had only her father to cling to. Mr. Howard almost idolized her, but he was an invalid, and felt that his child needed some influence that should be constant and unwavering, to mold aright a character that already showed strong points that might be shaped for good or evil. Happily for Maggie he found a companion and instructor for her in the person of his niece—Lucy Wardwell—and if ever a mother's loss was

made good to a child, it was in this case. She was not one of those brilliant characters that dazzle at first acquaintance, but she possessed a quiet, unobtrusive loveliness that won surely upon the affections of those who knew her. She had learned many lessons in the school of life—adversity and sorrow had been her teachers, and if their presence had shed darkness sometimes upon her heart, yet in their train had followed meek-eyed Patience, and lip and eye told by their chastened beauty of a peace no storms could disturb.

Maggie knew nothing of her cousin's history. She had never seen her till after her mother's death, and her father had strictly charged her never to question Lucy about her past life. "She has seen a great deal of trouble, Maggie," said Mr. Howard, "and we must try to make her happy while she is with us, and perhaps she will forget it all." The affectionate child soon became strongly attached to Lucy, and the fear of making her unhappy kept her from indulging in her natural curiosity, and, as time passed on, she came to regard it as a matter of course that she should be there, and almost forgot it had ever been otherwise. Years went by, and though they left no perceptible traces upon the calm face of Lucy Wardwell, they brought changes to her two companions.

Maggie had left the aimless dreams of her childhood and entered upon the deeper joys of womanhood. Beautiful and gifted, the pride and charm of her home, she had little to try the real strength and worth of her character. Mr. Howard's health had been slowly but surely failing ever since the death of his wife, but his friends were so accustomed to his pale face and wasted form, that they little realized how near his feet were to the dark river. He himself may have better felt this, but he was always hopeful and cheerful, and seldom spoke of his bodily ills. When Maggie was in her eighteenth year he left home for a journey, partly to attend to business in a distant city, and partly from the hope that travel might be of benefit to him. He only reached the place of his destination, was seized with severe hemorrhage, and died in a few hours. Only strangers were with him—strangers ministered to his last wants, and strangers sent back to his home the news of the desolation that had come to it.

It was a terrible blow to Maggie; all the more terrible for falling so suddenly. She moved about in a sort of stupor for several days, till the funeral was over and she was left alone again with Lucy. It was uncertain at first what the condition of Mr. Howard's property was. He had always passed for a man of moderate wealth,

but Lucy remembered having heard him speak anxiously in regard to the future, and it was with many misgivings that she awaited the investigation of his affairs.

It proved as she had feared, that there was very little property beyond what would pay outstanding debts, and a heavy mortgage was held upon the homestead.

It was arranged that Maggie should go to her sister; and, at the time my story opens, she was spending her last evening with Lucy in the dear old home. Neither of them could sleep, and Maggie, who had borne up bravely through the day, was utterly overcome, and wept without restraint. Even Lucy's quiet nature was deeply stirred, and she repeated to herself many a precious promise, as if fearful her struggling heart would let its anchor go and sink in the deep waters that were swelling around it.

Hour after hour they sat there, while Maggie's thoughts were busy with memories of the beautiful past that was gone from her forever—anxious dread of the future that looked so blank and cheerless, and keen agony as the present sorrow rose up in all its intensity. A brimming cup of joy had been dashed from her lip just as she was beginning to taste its sweetness, and her heart was full of murmuring and despair. Lucy's words of trust and confidence irritated instead of soothing her, and she could not help charging her with lack of feeling. Lucy felt all this, and the tears dropped silently from her eyes as she thought over Maggie's words: "You are naturally patient, and then you have less cause for grief than I."

There was a lesson in her past life that her heart prompted her to unvail for the instruction of the young mourner, and though she shrunk from the task, she determined it should be done.

"Maggie," she began in a low voice, "it is nearly five years since I first came here to try to make up in some measure the loss of a mother's care to you. We have been a happy family together, but that is all over now. To-morrow we shall separate; you will go to your sister, who loves you and will welcome you to her home, but where do you suppose I am going?"

Maggie lifted her head and looked for a moment at her cousin, and then said, almost bitterly, "Home, I suppose, to be patient with present trials and happy with some new blessings. You can forget trouble very easily, but I am not so happily constituted."

Lucy took no notice of the last words, but replied, "I have no home, Maggie; I was alone in the world when your father gave me a home here. I must go back again into the same desolate world. My path looks dreary to me. There

were once loving hands that clasped mine, but one by one they have all loosed their hold upon me and crumbled away into dust, and I am left to walk alone. I do not murmur at this, though there have been times when my heart has said: 'The Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me.' But, if you will listen, I will tell you how a heart more passionate and impulsive than yours was brought to rest quietly in the hands of Him 'who doeth all things well.'

"I was born at the far south, and the fervid heat of its sunshine seemed to make a part of my life and glow in every vein like fire. Mine was no slow-moving blood, but, quick to feel and to act, I showed, even in childhood, an imperious, passionate nature, that bid defiance to all restraint. My mother was a mild, gentle woman, and wise enough to see that my natural disposition, unless checked by a strong hand, would bring certain misery to myself and others. But she was in feeble health, for, like your father, she inherited fatal disease, and, unfortunately, my father always encouraged instead of controlling me. He was a proud, high-spirited man, and only laughed at my outbursts of temper and haughty airs, saying he liked to see me show some spirit—that he should leave me a fine estate some day and I should be just the one to manage it.

"I loved my mother ardently, and a regard for her was a great restraint to me. Often when I sat in her room, listening to her gentle admonitions, I would earnestly resolve to try to become all she wished; but, with the first moment of excitement, my good resolutions passed away like the early dew. When I was about twelve years old my mother died, and, after the lapse of time had dimmed the memory of her dying counsels, I grew more imperious than ever. Surrounded by servants to whom my word was law, I found little to cross my wishes, and was hardly aware how this trait was growing and strengthening. A few years passed, and I came to take my place in society as a young lady. My social position was high, and I was looked up to and acknowledged as a leader of my young companions. I enjoyed society exceedingly so long as I could hold the preëminence and receive its homage, but I would have taken no second place. Even then a blow was preparing for my heart that was to shatter its pride in the dust.

"Since the death of my mother there had been a great, though gradual, change in my father. He would, at times, be gloomy and morose for days together, keeping the whole household in a state of fear and discomfort by his strange whims and unreasonable complainings; then this would pass away and he would appear



as usual, haughty and reserved, but always dignified.

"Of late these attacks were more frequent, till they came to be his habitual frame, and his long absences from home, which at first were a matter of wonder to me, came to be looked for as a great relief.

"Strange whispers came to my ears from various quarters, and at last I learned, what others had known before, that my father was a slave to two of the worst masters—that he had given himself, without restraint, to wine and gambling. O, Maggie, I can never tell you the terrible shame through which I passed. I left all society at once and forever; I shut myself up at home, and only wished to forget and be forgotten. My feelings toward my father were varied. Sometimes my anger and indignation knew no bounds toward him for bringing such disgrace upon himself and ruining all my prospects for life. Then, in moments of tenderness, I would plead and expostulate with him, begging him with tears to leave his habits of dissipation for my sake, for his own sake, for the sake of my dead mother. It was all in vain; indeed, one great check seemed to be removed from him, now that I knew the worst and there was no longer any motive for concealment from me. Little by little every available article of property was disposed of, and poverty stared us in the face.

"At last my father's constitution failed under the wear of constant excitement, and he was forced to leave his customary resorts and confine himself almost wholly to the house. Remorse preyed upon him, and his sufferings at times, from a tortured mind and body, were terrible. He lingered for two years, a pitiable wreck of what he once had been, and died, I trust, repentant, leaving me alone and utterly destitute. I had relatives at the north, but I was full of southern prejudices; and then my pride was only wounded, not at all subdued, and I determined to rely wholly upon myself and ask aid of no one.

"My education, although showy, was not thorough enough to fit me for teaching, but I had a natural talent for music which I had carefully cultivated, and I soon obtained a situation in a seminary, at some distance from my home, as a music teacher.

"My deep mourning and my evident loneliness procured sympathy and kindness for me from many, but I rejected all their kind overtures and led a life of perfect isolation—as much alone as if in a wilderness. I aimed to be lady-like and courteous in my demeanor to all, but no one was admitted in the least degree into my confidence, and every emotion was carefully con-

cealed from observation. How long this might have lasted I can not tell, but my heavenly Father, against whom my heart rebelled so bitterly, was pleased to deal mercifully with me, and sent me in my utmost need a great and precious gift."

Lucy drew from her bosom a small gold locket, looked at it a moment in silence, and then laid it in Maggie's hand. It was richly chased and contained the miniature of a noble-looking man, apparently about thirty years of age. Upon one side was a band of black enamel, delicately engraved with some initials, and underneath them the word, "*Mizpah*."

"Who is it, Lucy?" asked Maggie, "and what does this strange motto mean?"

"It was my husband, my noble, beloved husband; and the motto—do you not remember, Maggie?—'And he called it Mizpah, for he said, *The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from another.*'"

"Arthur Wardwell was an inmate of the same boarding-house with me, but for a long time we were as perfect strangers. He pitied me at first, and, not repulsed by the manner in which his advances were met, he persevered till my frozen heart gave way, and I learned first to look upon him as a true friend and brother, and then to love him with all the passionate devotion of one whose love flowed in but one channel, to but one object.

"I learned to love the world again because he lived in it—to endure society because he wished it. I did all things for his sake, and sunshine rested once more upon my life. We were married, and I left my labors at the seminary to preside over a home, simple in all its furnishings, for we were far from rich in worldly goods—but what a paradise it was to me! We had books, and flowers, and music; we had young hearts, full of love for each other and hope for the future, and for one brief year I forgot all the darkness of the past. I felt that God was good to me, and thought I was grateful for his blessings; but when he touched my treasures, I found my heart was as proud and bitter as ever.

"Arthur was a physician, and, with a steadily-increasing practice, he had every prospect of speedily attaining competence, if not wealth. How many times we talked over the home we would possess in a few years, planning its surroundings and adornments with almost childish satisfaction, and counting the years that must pass before we could see our castle settle down upon solid earth! 'If God wills!' was always Arthur's supplement to these dreams and projects; and, seated by his side, with no wish for any thing beyond his love, I too could say, 'if

*God wills.* Ah, it was easy to say, 'Thy will be done!' when that will wrought only toward me what my heart most craved.

"We had been married less than two years, when the yellow fever, that scourge of the south, broke out among us. Other physicians fled in dismay, and I vainly urged Arthur to leave the scene of so great danger, but not for a moment would he entertain the thought. For myself, I would have staid in the face of certain death, rather than leave him to die, perhaps, alone. He came as an angel of mercy to many a poor sufferer who was deserted even by near friends, and, after a time, the disease began to abate and the worst seemed to be past. Exhausted and worn down by his constant exertions, my husband fell almost the last victim of the terrible plague.

"It was but a short sickness, a few hours of suffering, and, almost before I realized the danger, I was widowed and alone again in the world. All my other trials had been light compared with this, and no words can describe the darkness like the shadow of death that settled over my soul. I neither wept nor prayed. I thought only of God as an enemy, whose hand was relentlessly against me, and every power of my body and mind seemed locked up by a stony despair. I followed my husband to the grave, but it was as one who neither saw nor heard. I went back to my lonely home and, rejecting love and pity, brooded alone over my hard fate. The autumn months passed on, but their quiet beauty brought no tranquillity to me. Their lesson of immortality, of life hidden under the mantle of death, was lost upon my heart. Thanksgiving-day came, a mild sunny morning, and I stood gloomily by my open window, watching the passers-by. There had been public services appointed at the churches that morning, an unusual thing for us, and many were attracted there. As I stood by the window, my heart making a bitter response to every chime of the bells, our pastor, a venerable man, came slowly walking by. He paused as he saw me, and, after kindly saluting me, inquired:

"Are you not coming up to give thanks with us to-day, Mrs. Wardwell?"

"No, sir," I coldly replied, "I have no occasion for going; I have nothing to be thankful for, unless it be that every drop in my cup is turned into wormwood and gall."

"*'Nothing to be thankful for!'* repeated the old man, with an expression of pain on his calm face; "I know of none but the lost spirits in hell so utterly wretched as to say that. May the dear Lord give you a thankful heart, my child; for truly it is of his mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not."

"He passed on to the church, and presently I heard the swelling notes of the organ and the voice of the people chanting:

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord!

Let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation!  
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,  
And show ourselves glad in him with psalms!"

"Every word came distinctly to my ear, for the church was but a few rods distant. 'Ah,' thought I, 'they can sing, they can be thankful, for they and theirs are safe; but no one pities me, or remembers that a life worth ten thousand of them was risked and lost in their cause.' When the service was over, I watched from behind the curtain to see the people go back to their homes. My heart smote me a little as I saw that more than half the families in the congregation wore the badge of bereavement. There was a widow with her fatherless children, or a lonely couple, thinking of the little ones that used to follow them with dancing steps. Feeble old men tottered along, missing sadly the strong arm of manhood, on which they had been accustomed to lean; and, last of all, came a beautiful little child, in the arms of its black nurse, the only representative of what had been a large family.

"What a wretched, suffering world, and what poor, mocked, miserable creatures we are!" was my mental exclamation, and I bowed my head upon my hands and wept the first tears I had shed since Arthur was buried. The old colored woman, who had been Arthur's nurse, and who had always lived with us, came in and found me weeping. She had a warm heart, but my cold manner had kept her at a distance before. Now she came up to me and tried in her way to comfort me.

"Do n't take on so, honey," said she; "the Lord won't ever give us more'n we are able to bear. There's a heap of trouble in this world, but it will all be wiped away when we get over Jordan. 'T would have made your heart ache to see 'em to-day, all in their black clothes; somebody gone out of 'most every seat; but when we get over Jordan there won't be any mourning there, only white robes that shine like the sun, and harps of gold, and every body singing halleluiahs. Bless the Lord! I hope old Chloe won't be very long getting there!"

"Somehow her simple words seemed to go right to my heart, and although I wept till I was utterly exhausted, it did me good, and that night I slept like a child. I awoke next morning with a strange feeling of weakness in every limb and a sense of confusion and bewilderment that I tried in vain to shake off. Past events, even my

recent bereavements, would rise up for an instant before me and then float away into dim distance. I was prostrated with a severe fever, through which I was tenderly watched and nursed by my faithful Chloe, aided by friends whose approach I could not now repel. After long delirium and unconsciousness I awoke at last to reason, and for several days bore reluctantly with what I fancied was Chloe's needless caution in keeping the room almost wholly darkened. At last I would bear it no longer; I wanted to see the sunlight once more, and insisted that the windows should be opened. Poor Chloe, after trying in vain to satisfy me, obeyed in silence, and then hid her face in the bed-clothes and cried like a child. The curtains were rolled up, the blinds wide open; I knew it, for I could dimly see the sun shining through the rose-tree and the white spire of the church, with its golden vane, but all was dim and faint and indistinct as before. I heard Chloe weeping; I put out my hand and felt her head as she knelt by the bedside, and slowly the dreadful truth forced itself upon me—I was going blind; I was almost blind then, and soon, perhaps, I should be entirely so. I should never see the sunshine or the flowers or a human face again. All my life I must be a helpless, dependent creature—a burden to myself and others.

"I remembered then the words I had spoken on thanksgiving-day—'*I have nothing to be thankful for*'—and felt that the Lord had justly smitten me for my ingratitude. Day after day I felt the last rays of light going out to me, till at length I could not see even in the broad sunshine; but, sitting in that outward darkness, a great light dawned upon my soul. I found Jesus, and, leaning upon him, I felt that I was better in my blindness than when I walked alone with my proud heart.

"My chastening was severe, but the Lord was better to me than my fears; for, after months of almost total blindness, the result of long-continued nervous excitement, my sight was gradually restored.

"I went back again to my old post of teaching, for I was compelled to make use of some means of support, and think I can say from my heart: 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted, for before I was afflicted I went astray.' It was a great relief to me when your father offered me a home here, for a teacher's life is a wearisome one, but now that I must go back once more to it, I go with full trust in the goodness and mercy that will never suffer me to be tried above what I am able to bear. Do you remember those beautiful lines we were reading together but a few days ago:

'For I believe that He who heeds  
The life that hides in marsh and wold,  
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,  
And stains the maples green and gold,  
Will still, as He hath done, incline  
His gracious ear to me and mine.

Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,  
And, as the earth grows dark, make brighter every  
star.' "

The hands of the clock were slowly creeping past the midnight hour; the leaping flames were gone; in their place were only embers glowing redly under the white ashes, even as hope will live and glow in a strong heart under all the smoldering ashes of disappointment.

Maggie rose from her seat and folded her arms about her cousin, saying softly:

"'*Tribulation worketh patience*' I pray God to teach me that lesson now and spare me such a life-long chastening as you have met!"

They went forth in a few hours, each to her appointed lot—one to the sunshine, the other to the shade—and the angels looked down upon them both. Years have passed, and Lucy Wardwell, the loving, the beloved, has gone up to her Father's house where the many mansions be. She is at rest from her labors and her works do follow her, for many cherish her memory among their heart's best treasures.

Maggie Howard still lives, and if she is ever tempted to murmur at any teaching of the Divine hand, she remembers that night at the old homestead and whispers to her doubting heart:

"*Tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope: and hope maketh not ashamed.*"

"Better to stem, with heart and hand,  
The roaring tide of life, than lie,  
Unmindful, on the flowery strand  
Of God's occasion, drifting by;  
For he who sees the future sure  
The baffling present may endure,

And bless, meanwhile, the unseen Hand that leads  
The heart's desires beyond the halting steps of deeds."

#### SENTIMENT—THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

How much fine sentiment there is wasted in our strange world! I have seen a young lady in raptures of admiration over a flower which was to deck her hair in the ball-room, who would turn away, with a look of loathing, from the proffered kiss of her baby brother; and I have heard lovely lips, all wreathed in smiles, and breathing tones of joy over a pretty shell, a shining insect, or even a gay ribbon, say cold and cruel words to the best friend—ay, the mother—who was wearing her life out to promote the happiness of her ungrateful daughter. H.



## NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

## POVERTY.

"POVERTY! thou half-sister of death, thou cousin german of hell, where shall I find force of execration equal to the amplitude of thy demerits?" Thus apostrophized the unhappy Burns; and he had ample cause, at the time, thus acutely to speak of poverty. In a letter, dated 7th of July, 1796, he writes to his friend Cunningham: "When an exciseman is off duty\* his salary is reduced to thirty-five pounds, instead of fifty. What way, in the name of thrift, shall I maintain myself, and keep a horse in country quarters—with a wife and five children at home—on thirty-five pounds? I mention this because I had intended to beg your utmost interest, and that of all the friends you can muster, to move our commissioners of excise to grant me the full salary. If they do not grant it me I must lay my account with an existence truly *en poëti*. If I die not of disease I must perish with hunger."

In a letter to Dr. Laurence, dated 22d of May, 1795, another very great writer alludes to his pecuniary difficulties: "What I wrote was to discharge a debt I brought to my own and my son's memory, and those ought not to be considered as guilty of prodigality in giving me what is beyond my debts, as you know. The public—I won't dispute longer about it—has overpaid me; I wish I could overpay creditors. They eat deep on what was designed to maintain me." It is possible that men, in their sympathy for "the fate of genius," as they may phrase it, may lament over the sight of a man like Edmund Burke, thus feeling the ordinary inconvenience of straitened circumstances. But it seems to me that genius, so far from having any claim to favor when it neglects the common precautions or exertions for securing independence, is doubly inexcusable, and far less deserving of pity than of blame. Burke ought to have earned his income in an honest calling. Every man of right feeling will prefer this to the degrading obligations of private friendship, or the precarious supplies, to virtue so perilous, of public munificence. He chose rather to eat "the bitter bread of both these bakings" than to taste the comely, the sweet, the exquisite fruit, however hard to pluck, of regular industry.

A lieutenant in the Royal Navy had written a political pamphlet, but, being called to his duty, was not able to see it through the press. He therefore placed it in the hands of a bookseller, desiring that he would give it to some literary

man, who, for duly preparing it for publication, should have half the profits, if any. The worthy bookseller gave it to Mr. Cooke. The work was published, and the profits were thirty pounds. Cooke took his portion and reserved the other half for the author. Many years elapsed; at length a gentleman called on Mr. Cooke, and declared himself to be the author of the pamphlet, telling him he knew that fifteen pounds were due to him, and adding, he was ashamed to take it, but that "his poverty, and not his will," consented, as he had a wife and an increasing family. Cooke paid the money, and the stranger departed, expressing his gratitude. The necessitous author was the late Lord Erskine.

In 1780 Crabbe, buoyed up with the hope of bettering his fortunes by his verses, in London, adventured on the journey thither, with scarcely a friend or even acquaintance who could be useful to him, and with no more than three pounds in his pocket. This trifle being soon expended, the deepest distress awaited him. Of all hopes from literature he was speedily disabused; there was no imposing name to recommend his writings, and an attempt to bring out a volume himself only involved him more deeply in difficulties. His poverty had become obvious to the persons with whom he resided, and no further indulgence could be expected from them; he had given a bill for a debt, which, if not paid within the following week, he was threatened with a prison. In this extremity of destitution, "inspired by some happy thought in some fortunate moment," he ventured on an application to Burke. He had not the slightest knowledge of that gentleman, other than common fame bestowed; no introduction but his own letter, stating these circumstances; no recommendation, save his distress; but, in the words he used in the letter, "hearing that he was a good man, and presuming to think him a great one," he applied to him, and, as it proved, with a degree of success far beyond his most sanguine expectations. The young poet was established under his roof, at Beaconsfield—under his eye, "The Library" and "The Village" successively issued from the press; and Reynolds and Johnson, in a word, all Burke's intimate friends, partook of his interest in his *protégé*.

Under similar circumstances Johann Gottlieb Fichte wrote a similar manly letter to Kant. In requesting the loan of a small sum of money he offered for security and guarantee of subsequent payment all that he had to give in such a case—his honor and integrity as a man. "I know no one," continued he, "except yourself, to whom I could offer this security without fear of being laughed at to my face. It is my maxim never to

\* He was then at Brow, sea-bathing quarters, in very bad health. Indeed, in fourteen days after its date, he was a corpse.

ask any thing from another without having first of all examined whether I myself, were the circumstances inverted, would do the same thing for some one else. In the present case I have found that, supposing I had it in my power, I would do this for any person to whom I believed to be animated by the principles by which I know that I myself am now governed."

After the death of his wife, Wycherly became much reduced in worldly affairs, and at length was thrown into the fleet, where he languished during seven years, utterly forgotten by the gay and lively circle of which he had been a distinguished ornament. In the extremity of his distress he implored the publisher, who had been enriched by the sale of some of his works, to lend him seventy pounds, and was refused.

Stow, the antiquarian, suffered much in his old age from the ailments that attacked him, and also from poverty. In the very absoluteness of his need the poor old man determined to apply for relief to the country for which he had done so much. He got the formal consent of James I that he might go "a-begging" through thirty-six counties. To this effect a paper was regularly drawn up, signed and sealed by the king, addressed to "all and singular, archbishops, bishops, deans, and their officials, parsons, vicars, curates, and to all spiritual persons, and also to all justices of the peace, mayors, sheriffs, bailiffs, churchwardens, etc." The grant concludes thus: "We wish and command you, and every of you, that at such times and times as the said John Stow, or his deputy, shall repair to any of your churches or other places, to ask and receive the charitable benevolence of our said subjects, quietly to permit and suffer them so to do; and you, the said parsons, etc., for the better stirring up of charitable devotion, deliberately to publish and declare the tenor of these letters-patent unto our said subjects, exhorting them to extend their liberal contributions in so good and charitable a deed."

At times the pecuniary affairs of William Penn were so deranged that he was afraid of his creditors. He contrived an aperture at his house in Norfolk-street, by which he could see any one at his door without being seen. A creditor having sent in his name, waited a long time for admission. "Will not your master see me?" said he at last to the servant. "Friend," replied the domestic, "he has seen thee, but does not like thee."

Bishop Hall, during his latter days, suffered so much from poverty and harsh treatment that they wrung from him a book of complaint called "Hard Measure." At Bologna, in the "University Library," is a manuscript of the "Images of Philostrates," in the handwriting of Michael

Aspostolicus, a Greek refugee from Constantinople, bearing this inscription: "The king of the poor of this world wrote this book for his bread." Ion Thorlakson, the translator of "Paradise Lost" into Icelandic, composed the following lines, in allusion to his poverty: "Ever since I came into this world I have been wedded to Poverty, who has now hugged me to her bosom these seventy winters save two; and whether we shall ever be separated here below is only known to Him who joined us together."

In the early part of his career as an author, Marmontel translated Pope's "Rape of the Lock" into French, and sold it to a publisher for about fifteen pounds. Upon this sum he assures us that he subsisted for eight months. This nearness of circumstance was as nothing compared to that of Ulrick Von Hutten, one of the greatest writers Germany has produced, and one of the harbingers of the Reformation. He was, during part of his life, in great distress. He begged his way through the country, knocking at the doors of peasants' huts to beg a piece of bread and shelter, and when denied, as he too often was, he had to sleep on the bare ground. He died when he was only thirty-six years old in a lamentable plight. Zuinglius says that "he left nothing of the slightest value. He had no books, no furniture, except a pen." Almost equal to Von Hutten, at least in respect to poverty, was Saint Simon, the author of "The Reorganization of European Society," etc. The Frenchman was so "pinched by poverty" that during the whole of a severe winter he denied himself fuel, in the hope of being enabled to defray the expenses of publication; nay, he often endured the pangs of hunger. "For fifteen days," he writes, "I have lived upon bread and water, without a fire; I have even sold my clothes to defray the expenses of copying my work." One day his courage, resignation, and energy forsook him; he forgot his Creator, and attempted to terminate his life. He however recovered from the guilty attempt, and resumed his labors and his hopes. Tradition says that in Ben Jonson's last illness King Charles sent him a small sum of money. "He sends me so miserable a donation," said the expiring satirist, "because I am poor and live in an alley; go back and tell him his soul lives in an alley." Ben told Drummond of Hawthornden that "the Irish having robbed Spenser's goods and burnt his house, and a little child new-born, he and his wife escaped; and after he died for lack of bread in King-street, and refused twenty pieces sent to him by my lord of Essex, and said, 'He was sorry he had no time to spend them.'"

In Depping's "Reminiscences of a German's Life in Paris," I have found the following anecdote.

dote of Llorente, the enlightened, talented, and persecuted historiographer of the Inquisition: "Among the individuals whom chance threw into my way in Paris, was Llorente. I frequently paid him a visit, and found him to be an extremely well-read scholar. On one occasion I met him in the street, early in the morning; upon asking him where he was coming from, he replied, "I hired myself last night to watch a dead man's body. How little did I dream, when a canon at Toledo and a privy counselor at Madrid, that I should ever be forced to earn my daily bread by mounting guard over a defunct Parisian!" Soon after this occurrence poor Llorente was ordered to leave France. He had scarcely regained his native soil when he fell a prey to wretchedness and destitution.

During the latter years of his life, the poet Camões was compelled to wander through the streets a wretched dependent on casual contribution. One friend alone remained to smooth his downward path and guide his steps to the grave with gentleness and consolation. It was Antonio, his slave, a native of Java, who had accompanied Camões to Europe, after having rescued him from the waves, when shipwrecked at the mouth of the Mecon. This faithful attendant was wont to seek alms throughout Lisbon, and at night shared the produce of the day with his poor and broken-hearted master. But his friendship was employed in vain; Camões sank beneath the pressure of penury and disease, and died in an alms-house.

#### LAST DAYS OF HUMBOLDT.

THREE famous men—the Emperor Napoleon I, the Duke of Wellington, and Baron Alexander Humboldt—born in the same year, 1769, have successively departed from the stage of time, leaving only a few tottering stragglers behind them, now in age and feebleness extreme, of the many millions who had a coterminous nativity. The great crowd has passed into entire oblivion. No chronicle commemorates their deeds or enshrines their names. But those of the three mentioned will live to the remotest ages in the memory of posterity, in every civilized community—on the page of history in every written tongue. The first, who influenced for a time the destinies of Europe, captured its capitals, plundered its cities, ravaged its fields and reddened them with blood, died an exile on a solitary rock of the Atlantic, in 1821, after little more than half a century of life—a memorable example of vaulting ambition overleaping its aim and reaching a tremendous catastrophe. The second, his final victor, eminent alike on

the field of battle and in the councils of the state, remarkable also for self-abnegation in the record of military exploits, survived to upward of fourscore years, finishing his course in 1852 somewhat characteristically, at Walmer Castle, on the coast of Kent, as if keeping watch and ward over the country for which he had fought on the adjoining continent. The third, a man of universal science, who made the universe his study, and sketched it with a master hand on the enduring canvas of the lettered page, in 1859 ended his career in the city of his birth, Berlin, at the patriarchal age of eighty-nine years, seven months, and a few days, affording evidence that powerful mental exertion and active bodily labor are, when united, conducive to long existence.

While the two former were wielding the sword, the latter devoted himself to the peaceful task of interrogating the visible creation, embracing its near and distant, minute and imposing, living and lifeless objects, from microscopic animalcule, tiny mosses, and blanched cavernous vegetation, to snow-crowned heights, the subtle atmosphere, and ethereal circuits studded with glittering stars. He communed with rocks and mountains, valleys and volcanoes, rivers and forests, plants and animals; determined elevations, noted temperatures, and directed a penetrating glance to the boundless expanse of heaven, the depth of the ocean, and to landscapes where Nature alone ruled, uninfluenced by men and their civilization. Eminently, his

"Joy was in the wilderness, to breathe  
The difficult air of the iced mountain tops,  
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing  
Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge  
Into the torrent, and to roll along  
On the swift whirl of the new-breaking wave  
Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow."

We shall not attempt a record of the life and labors of Humboldt. It will suffice to remark that, in youth, he plunged deeply into the study of chemistry, geology, mineralogy, natural history, and galvanism, and acquired extraordinary command of almost every department of physical and political science. Thus qualified for enlightened observation, he conducted researches in the equinoctial regions of America, in company with the naturalist, M. Aimé Bonpland, between 1799 and 1804. During this journey he determined astronomically the position of more than three hundred places; ascertained the bifurcation of the Orinoco, and its connection with the Amazon; studied the phenomena of earthquakes; marked the forms of animal and vegetable life in the great rivers and forests; five times crossed the icy ridges of the Andes; and scaled the side of Chimborazo to the height of



19,300 feet above the sea, the greatest altitude that had then been attained by man.

Having surveyed the elevated regions of the new world, it was the earnest desire of Humboldt to become familiar with the still loftier summits of the old. But though he never saw the colossal masses of the Himalaya, yet, in 1829, when a sexagenarian, he again took the pilgrim's staff in hand, and proceeded into Central Asia as far as the frontiers of China. The two journeys enabled him to compare the auriferous deposits of the Ural Mountains and of New Grenada; the porphyry and trachyte formations of Mexico and the Altai; the savannas of the Orinoco and the steppes of Siberia; the banks of the Obi and of the Amazon. It deserves remark, as an instance of sagacity, that while at St. Petersburg, before starting, he told the Empress of Russia she might expect some diamonds obtained from the dominions of the Czar on his return, so convinced was he that the same district contained them which yielded gold and platinum. Accordingly, on reaching the Urals, he visited the gold-washing districts, and a diligent search for the precious gem was instituted. It was not crowned with immediate success, and the traveler pursued his course. But a few days after his departure, Paul Popoff, a boy of fourteen, one of Count Polier's serfs, found the prize in the mines of Bissersk, and obtained freedom as his reward. This was the first-discovered Russian and European diamond, the mines being on the European side of the mountains. Another was soon obtained at the same site, which, being forwarded to Humboldt, enabled him to fulfill his promise to the Empress on returning to the capital.

For a few years after his last scientific tour, Humboldt enjoyed cheering intercourse with his elder brother, William, the scholar, critic, and diplomatist, who resided on the family estate, at the chateau of Tegel, seven miles from Berlin. This brother, to whom he was tenderly attached, died in his arms in the year 1835. "Think often of me," he remarked in his last moments, "but always cheerfully. I have been very happy. To-day was also a happy day for me, for love is the greatest happiness. I shall soon be with your mother, and comprehend the laws of the higher world." The survivor severely felt his loss; and, not being a family man, the event was peculiarly desolating. "I did not think," he observed, in a letter to a friend, "my old eyes could shed so many tears." From this period Humboldt withdrew more and more from public life, though consulted to the last upon political questions by his sovereign, and on subjects connected with science by the *savans* of Europe and

America, while busy with the composition of his "Kosmos," the fourth and last volume of which he left in an unfinished state, as if to remind us of the transient nature of all worldly pursuits. Every line of this remarkable production, which may be called his literary legacy to the world, bears testimony to the unrelaxing energy and perenzial clearness of his intellect, though written at a time of life when to most men the "grass-hopper is a burden;" and it will remain a monument of intellectual greatness more enduring than the road of the Simplon, which commemorates the physical power of a great cotemporary.

As undisputed monarch in the realm of physics, the highest honors were paid to Humboldt at home and abroad. He lived in the closest intimacy with the King of Prussia; had apartments assigned to him in the royal palaces at Berlin and Potsdam, enjoyed a pension from the government, was made a counselor of state of the Prussian order, "Pour le Merite," while foreign countries forwarded to him their complimentary distinctions. Courtied by princes, and attracting to himself the greatest men at the head of every science, he was respected and beloved by all for probity of character, benevolence of spirit, and simplicity of manners. As one of the least selfish of men, he was ever ready to lend his assistance whenever and wherever it was needed, fostering the rising generation of naturalists at the expense of a heavy correspondence. A liberal in politics, he was through life the uncompromising foe of slavery. In the hey-day of prosperity, he did not forget his former traveling companion, Bonpland, in his misfortunes, with whom he had botanized on the plains of Venezuela and the slopes of the Andes. This eminent man had gone to Buenos Ayres in the year 1818, as professor of natural history, but was for some time lost to the knowledge of the civilized world, and no certain clew could be obtained as to his fate. At last it was ascertained that, in the course of an expedition into Paraguay, he had been seized by a party of soldiers, under the orders of the tyrant Francia, and carried off a prisoner. He was confined chiefly in Santa Martha, but allowed to practice as a physician. Humboldt applied in vain for the liberation of his friend. It was not granted till the death of Francia, in 1841, by which time Bonpland had become attached to the scene of his exile. Flowers, shrubs, and trees, of his own planting, had grown up, and were luxuriantly flourishing around his cabin. He resolved, therefore, to remain where he had lived so long, and survived to the summer of 1853, when Humboldt received a joyous letter from him. He died, soon afterward, in his eighty-fifth year, and his old com-

rade, four years his senior, speedily joined him in the tomb.

Invited to attend the thirty-fourth meeting of the German Association of Science, held at Carlsruhe, in the autumn, just as he had completed his eighty-ninth year, Humboldt addressed the following letter to the assembly, which was read by the president, Professor Eisenlohr: "I beg you will excuse me if, in this busy time, I express, in a few lines, my warmest thanks for your very kind proposal. I should have been extremely happy to have been able to avail myself of your friendly invitation to visit your country, so distinguished by nature and by scientific progress, had not my great age and my declining strength for many years prevented my joining an association over which I once had the honor of presiding, and which still remains a feeble image of the mythic unity of the German father-land. Your excellent Grand Duke, in company with his amiable wife, gave me great pleasure by the kind visit which, immediately on his arrival in Berlin, he paid to one of the oldest men of science in Germany, and thus considerably acknowledged the ascendancy of the spirit of free inquiry." A telegraphic message was forthwith dispatched, conveying the greeting of the Assembly to the venerable philosopher.

Advanced to such an age, Humboldt was in jeopardy every hour of a fatal summons, and felt himself to be so. Upon sitting to the painter Hensel, he wrote beneath his portrait—an excellent likeness, from which several photographs have been taken—the line from Dante's "Purgatory," *Vicer ch'è un correre alla morte*—"Life is but a hurrying toward death." Without intending any reflection, we should have been glad to record that words expressive of Christian faith and hope had been employed, instead of a truism which a heathen might have adopted. With a remarkable presentiment, two or three years ago, Humboldt indicated the year of his decease, and repeatedly spoke of it to his friends. A letter, written by him, was read in one of the Prussian law courts, which contained the declaration, "My death will take place in 1859," the writer adding that it would be better to postpone a certain publication of his till then. As one in whom society took the deepest interest, from the highest to the lowest, every incident that befell him, even the most trivial, was duly reported by the press. The following anecdote, but a few months back, went the round of the German papers. He possessed a black parrot, given him many years ago by the grandfather of the Princess of Prussia, the Duke of Saxe Weimar. Fond of the bird, he was disagreeably surprised, on returning home one day from a dinner-party,

to find the parrot sitting droopingly on his perch. "Well, Jacob," said he, approaching the cage, which of us two is likely to die first?" "Pray, your excellency," remarked his old valet, "do not speak to the bird of such serious matters." He turned away silently, took up a book, and half an hour afterward the parrot suddenly roused himself, looked at his master, and then dropped dead. As may be imagined, the bird was stuffed, and is now preserved as a memento in the Berlin University Museum.

The year so strangely indicated as destined to be fatal, brought with it to Humboldt an undiminished shoal of letters and communications requiring answers, as though he had been still in the prime of life, instead of being nearly a nonagenarian. This inconsiderateness on the part of the public induced him, in the early spring, to appeal to the scribblers, through the medium of the journals, requesting them to stay their hands. "Suffering," he remarked, "under the weight of an always increasing correspondence—between 1,600 and 2,000 items at an average every year; letters; pamphlets on subjects quite strange to me; manuscripts, upon which I am required to give my opinion: projects of emigration and colonization; models, machines, and natural objects; inquiries about aeronautics; requests to assist in the getting up of autograph collections; offers to nurse, to amuse, and to cheer me up, etc. I try once more in this public manner to ask those persons on both continents who favor me with their well-meaning attentions, to occupy themselves less with my person, and not to use my house as an agent's office, so that, with my already decreasing strength, physical as well as moral, a little rest and leisure may be left to me for my own work. Late, and with repugnance, have I resolved upon this call for help. May it not be interpreted uncharitably!" Very speedily and effectually his cry for help was answered, and Humboldt was forever relieved from the importunity of the living, while called to rest from his own labors.

On the 21st of April, in consequence of a cold, he had to take to his bed. His bodily powers failed rapidly, but his mind remained strong and clear. He spoke for the last time on the morning of the 6th of May, and at half-past two o'clock on the same day, calmly and without pain, the grand old patriarch expired. Two nephews, sons of his brother William, and a niece, Baroness von Bulow, watched over his death-bed. His life closed in a house in the Oranienburger Strasse belonging to the Mendelssohn family, which had been placed at his disposal for an indefinite period, and was occupied by him for many years. It was formerly

the residence of Counselor Körner, father of Theodore Körner, the German Tyrtæus. All Berlin was thrown into mourning by the death of Humboldt, and united to pay homage to the illustrious deceased. The funeral was a state ceremonial, attended by members of the royal family, the ministers of the crown, the diplomatic body, military and civic authorities, with a crowd of professors, students, and citizens. On a car drawn by eight black horses from the royal stables, in a plain oak coffin, over which some palm leaves were strewn, emblematical of peace and victory, the corpse was conveyed to the Dom Church, where the usual service for the dead was performed. It was then removed by night to Tegel for interment, where the two celebrated brothers, William and Alexander, now slumber side by side.

Warned of the end being near, by length of days far exceeding ordinary experience, Humboldt set his house in order, and made his own disposition of his literary remains. Those of his manuscripts and diaries destined for preservation he had arranged and bound in volumes. In a sealed packet addressed to one of his nephews, General von Hedemann, he earnestly deprecated the publication of any private letters received from him, and expressed a decided aversion to any revival of his early works. With the exception of manuscripts, and several presents to friends, he bequeathed all his property to his faithful valet, Konrad Seiffert, who had accompanied him in his later wanderings, and was thirty-three years in his service. Though a comparatively-wealthy man on starting in life, having a fortune of £10,000 left him by his father, the whole had been expended on his travels and scientific pursuits before reaching his fortieth year; and from that time, through half a century, he subsisted on a small government pension, and the profits derived from literary labor. Four hundred thalers, about £60, were found in his house, which, with an extensive library, a quantity of plate presented on various occasions, and numerous orders of knighthood huddled in an obscure corner, constituted the main items of the worldly possessions left behind him.

The world has lost one of its greatest men in Alexander Humboldt. His merits are so transcendent that eulogy is out of place. There is scarcely a single branch of science to which he has not contributed something, nay, much. His mind grasped with iron energy every thing it encountered, while his powers of production seemed to increase the more he produced. His works are remarkable for splendid pictures of scenery, vivid delineations of national manners and indi-

vidual character, diversified information on subjects of universal interest, and the graceful attractions with which the majesty of science is invested. For ages yet to come they will be read with admiration and delight, and prove a useful guide to future generations of students, while they form a high vantage-ground from which the educated may look out upon the wonders of the universe. Alas! that it can not be said, at least with the same undoubting confidence, that while a profound physicist, a learned statistician, an indefatigable social observer, an unwearied philanthropist, and perhaps the most powerful describer of nature that ever attempted to portray her glorious features, Humboldt was

"Even as one  
Who by some secret gift of soul or eye,  
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,  
Sees where the *springs of living waters lie!*"

But we willingly indulge the charity that hopeth all things.

### COUNSEL.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

PILGRIM, in the path of life  
Does thy courage falter?  
Are the dearest idols torn  
From thy heart's lone altar?

Sit not idly by the way,  
Brooding o'er thy losses;  
Rarest treasures have been found  
'Neath the heaviest crosses.

He who mingled in thy cup  
Drops of stern denial,  
Meteth out thy greatest good  
With each bitter trial.

What though o'er thy journeyings  
Light and shade have blended,  
Is it wise to sit and sigh  
Till the strife is ended?

Murm'ring that the road is rough,  
And the desert dreary;  
That thy flesh is travel-stained,  
Or thy spirit weary?

O, if God has hung the cloud  
Thou bewailest o'er thee,  
As a flaming pillar yet  
It shall move before thee;

Lighting up the densest gloom  
With a living beauty;  
Teaching that there's naught to fear  
In the course of duty.

Dash away thy blinding tear!  
Leave thy fruitless sorrow!  
Heaven may smile upon the path  
Thou shalt tread to-morrow.



## PAPERS FOR THE LADIES.

NUMBER XV.

BY THRACE TALMON.

## OUR OPINION OF OURSELVES.

WHAT we think of ourselves is of far more importance actually than what others think of us. However paradoxical this may appear, it may be proven by illustrations from all the different strata of life.

"As a man thinketh, so is he," is true of every one. If one thinks he is a fool, he will expect to act out that character. If one thinks he is wise, he will at least try to act and speak like the wise, and the very trial is not inconsiderable. An owl will not bray, and therefore a bird that tries to be an owl will imitate it; nor would a self-presumable donkey dare to take a *pose* and open wide his eyes with the grand air of an owl.

We never know what we are till we have tried what we can be. If we have made all reasonable trials to be something and ultimately find that we are little better than nothing, we may wisely conclude that we are *something* after all, else we should not know enough to feel our deficiencies. It is better to aim high, even if we fall far short of our highest mark, than not to aim at all.

"But it is so ridiculous to fail!" some one here observes. If you fail you have the satisfaction of knowing that there are multitudes who have done likewise, and even subsequently succeeded. Almost every creditable success was preceded by one or more failures of attempt. Besides, if you strive for a mountain-summit, the chances are that you will at least gain an ascent part way up the side, and that is much better than not to have ascended at all. Let no one underrate the slightest elevation above their first level, which they may have accomplished, though it measure as far beneath their hopes as the sea under the peak of Dwahalogiri. "Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn." Have you not been blessed and increased since the beginning? If you have not, the fault is your own; you have not tried to be any thing, but have hidden your gifts in the earth.

Every one upon starting in life should ask himself, "For what am I am best fitted by natural gifts?" Although our sex is not expected to accomplish so much in the world, in the popular sense, as the stronger, every woman should settle this question no less than man. Woman's sphere is evidently different, but therein are various adaptations to various uses.

Here rests the key-stone of the arch of our lives. Let each take the utmost care that she settle the right point exactly in the right place,

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that her existence be perfect and beautiful in its span and equipoise, rather than disproportionate and finally a failure.

1. The girl at school. In every human heart are the germs of pride. In some hearts these have grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength till they have taken deep root, the fibers of which extend through all the life. When young ladies enter upon their school existence they generally carry the pride of their hearts with them, thinking—if they think at all about it—that it is indispensable in order to secure a position among strangers. She finds herself one among a numerous band, perhaps, instead of the nucleus of the family circle. She misses those attentions which she has been accustomed to receive as her natural right. The equality of privilege annoys. She finds that, being here unknown, she must make an effort, or the favorite points of her identity will be totally eclipsed. Various degrees of annoyance and disquiet arise from the enforcement of general rules and the particular discipline attendant upon study and recitation. She is not at ease with her fellow-pupils. One accosts her too rudely, another depreciates her, a third is totally indifferent, a fourth is unkind in word or act, or both.

Her pride of heart loses no time to prompt her to unhappiness. Perhaps she resorts to grief. Alas! she finds every one too busy with her own affairs to properly note hers, save a mere question of curiosity. Or, if she finds true sympathy in the interrogations, can she explain the reason of her sorrow? Too often it is this feeling which takes the generic term of homesickness. She resorts to isolation, but nobody misses her. She tries airs of superiority among the groups, and takes frequent occasion to impress others with her previous advantages, and receives ridicule. If she returns unkindness, she speedily loses favor with all.

She writes to her parents or friends that she finds herself in the most distasteful of all places. She is maltreated by the whole little community around her—representing certain prominent ones in the most unfavorable light for which her vocabulary can supply words. She must be taken home directly or perish. If her wishes are granted she has only added another strength to her proud will.

Multitudes have finally been ruined by early fostering this idea, that they were not rightly appreciated by others. High souls, capable of acts of the most exalted character, in a moment of proud passion, resulting from a long-continued impression of not being valued as their real merits deserved, have dashed their honor to the earth and there ground it under the heel to atoms,

till it could never be gathered again! If they had but patiently persevered in well-doing, quietly waiting for the rewards which real merit is sure to receive, sooner or later, they might have won laurels of honor to the recognition of the world.

What matters it if you are not appreciated entirely in your present sphere? You may be more fortunate in your next location or in some future period. We attach too much importance to trifles and trifling scenes, when we decompose ourselves over present annoyances which battle with pride. We should contemplate the arena of higher spheres of action; look upward and onward, till our souls expand beyond the insignificant elements of our contracted sphere of present action. Or, do you fail again and again of receiving proper appreciation, you should be careful to ascertain if you are not appreciating yourself too highly. If you correctly estimated yourself perhaps you would find that you were more properly appreciated than you were inclined to think hitherto. Others have claim to awards, and distinctions, and successes, and in the becoming humility of a philosophical and truly Christian temper, you should endeavor to esteem others as better than yourself.

Do you know that the unwise are applauded and admired, that the unworthy are exalted; while those who are really far more worthy of such success are often left in the background, pitted by none, unappreciated by all! Then should you be consoled by the memory of the numerous great in all ages who have failed of recognition by the world in their lives, but after have been heirs of immortal fame. Seven cities contended for the honor of the birthplace of Homer after his death, when in life, through these same cities, he begged his bread. The King of kings, the owner of the whole earth, appeared among men in the humblest service, not having where to lay his head.

If we cultivate humility, we can endure all things and finally overcome all. Let the young lady, who finds herself in a similar position to that which has been described, school her heart to do right and await the results. Above all, should she endeavor to conquer her own pride of spirit, that in true meekness she may inherit the richest blessings. "Humility ever dwells with noble minds. It is a flower that prospers, not on poor and barren soils, but in ground that is beautiful."

Having become initiated into the secret of getting on at school, so far as the securing of personal position, the temper of mind we exercise toward others, resulting from our opinion of ourselves, becomes of the utmost importance. There is no school, however select, but numbers some pupils who feel that they are, in some respects,

inferior to those about them. Sometimes it occurs that this class is very numerous. There are also leading pupils, who have either position or attainment on their side, perhaps a union of both these advantages. These should conduct toward the former, not with indifference, which selfishly confines all attentions to a certain set, not with supercilious condescension, or with an occasional favor, which betrays some unworthy motive, but with that benignant kindness, that sweet and gentle grace which characterize the truly good and noble heart. How much do we admire those eminent persons who stoop from their high pinnacles of fame to extend a hand of cheer or aid toward the humbler toiler up the rugged ascent! In all positions how admirable are deeds of humble love! Then what an incitement has the young lady at school to exercise the grace of humanity toward all by whom she is surrounded, that her presence may gladden every heart, her smile brighten every eye! All are united in praise of such. A benediction from heaven ever sheds about their pathway a clear and hallowed radiance. Beatitudes of immortality await their immortal future.

2. The lady in society. "What will they think of me if I do not this or that, or look thus, or dress so, or go there?" are the great questions which our sex are too often puzzling themselves over to the exclusion of almost all other considerations. Instead we should ask, "What shall I think of myself if I do any of these things, in my moments of self-examination, conscious that the eye of God is upon me?" Let us first form a common-sense opinion of ourselves—what we are, what we can do, what we can not do, and what in our position is becoming for us to attempt, according to the highest dictates of our conscience, before we trouble ourselves about what the world will say or think of us.

Vast amounts of money, time, temper, and strength are wasted unnecessarily by reason of this same nervous fear of the opinion of others. The greater proportion of the failures in the financial world are occasioned by this very insignificant consideration of others' opinions of one's house, furnishings, dress, equipage, etc. There can be no limits affixed to the desolating damages resulting from this; when, meantime, the continual query should have been, "How shall I regard myself both in this life and in the hour of death if I run into this or that extravagant folly in order to please 'Mrs. Grundy,' and by so doing ruin my husband, and plunge ourselves into misery which will prove irreparable?" "What shall I think of myself if I drive others to defraud their creditors of their just dues that we may continue to keep up appearances before

the world?" "They all do so," or "They say," etc., usually embrace only a few persons, whose real, actual lives if exposed to the view of truth would be the last which we would like to imitate.

3. In our choice of associates in society we should be more readily influenced by our own conscientious opinions than by unworthy considerations based on a servile dependence upon circumstances. No sooner do we find ourselves overestimating others without regard to their true value, by reason of the glittering of their wealth, or the eminence of their position, and neglecting the worthy because they lack such appliances, than we should pause to consider ourselves, whether such persons are really worthy of us, or such other persons unworthy our friendship, and not what others will say.

Too prone are our sex to be only thoughtful of the fashions, and so they follow after one who is even rude and disagreeable if she but possess the advantages of wealth and parade. They will do her numerous favors, secretly regarding such attentions as capital investments under the rule of self-interest. Her rudeness is politely overlooked as—"her way," her ignorance ignored as—a peculiarity of "her family." She is proudly quoted as "My particular friend." This is neither wise nor good. It is not philosophy or Christianity. While we should be friendly with the rich and powerful, we should not permit such friendships to harden our hearts against those who have no such advantages. We should seek to estimate others according to their own absolute merit—the souls which they possess. In all situations we should never shrink from manifesting a regard for any worthy person, though her garments are plain or her manners abashed from the consciousness of inferiority. If prouder friends reject your friendship for this reason, rejoice to be freed from such unworthy associates. If you have made one fellow-being the happier for your kind word and humility to her, you have just cause for pride, if pride be ever allowable.

Those who feel neglected in society and realize their inferiority of position should be careful that they fault not others too harshly. It is quite possible that they are too jealous of those around them, and from the very bitterness of their hearts, arising from suffering, poverty, and privation, suspect their more fortunate companions of motives and sentiments of which they are quite innocent. Let such, however, never forget that there are hearts strong, noble, and true, minds of the highest grade of capacity and attainment, surrounded by all those appliances of superior fortune which are generally supposed to weaken and enervate the moral and intellectual powers. These are examples for admiration

and imitation, true leaders of society, deserving credit for passing the temptations of the pride of artificial life and of the power of high fortune, unscathed and uncorrupted. They have acquired the grace of humility at a cost, but little realized by those who were never surrounded by the subtle influence of wealth and power.

Above all things should we seek to cultivate humility, that *envy* may find no place in our thoughts. He who envies none is happy. But no sooner do we allow our hearts to covet what is our neighbor's than we are slaves to pride and misery. Nothing is so blighting, blackening, shivering to our own prospects and the development of the graces of personal progress as the cherishing of the serpent Envy in our bosoms, which stings through all the words and deeds. This it is which causes one to exclaim, on beholding the mansions and other appliances of those who are wealthier than herself, "How very happily must these persons pass their lives! Why was I born in a humbler sphere! Alas! I can not see the justice of Providence." Enter these coveted homes. In one you will find sickness of years. Perhaps the only and beloved daughter of the house is an invalid for life, casting a shadow of gloom over every heart in the household. Her language in the morning is, "Would to God that it were evening!" And when the evening comes she cries, "Would to God that it were morning!" Would you exchange your health and good spirits for an existence like this, even though it be softened with luxury and brightened with gold?

In another of these homes are sorrows of the heart, overcoming griefs, which exclude all sunlight of happiness from the existence, else fortunate to a remarkable degree, by reason of the open faithlessness of the beloved, to the highest and holiest relations and principles of life. No happiness here; there never will be happiness more till death shall enter these lofty doors and bear away the inmates to the narrow house, appointed alike for the rich and the poor.

In a third you discover yourself in a Pandemonium, surrounded by the horrors of strife proceeding from undisciplined wills, general insubordination, and unsystematized cares. Faces around you are distorted with anger and sullen gloom. Your ears recoil from the harsh tones of intractable spirits. You retreat with a shudder down the marble steps, as though escaping from a lunatic asylum.

In a fourth you find the unhappiness of dissatisfied ambition, deep and poignant disappointments arising from the loss of public or private expectations. None would willingly abide with the defeated politician, the unfortunate speculator, or the unhappy man who never attains the



quantity or quality of any thing to his entire satisfaction.

In the fifth you find such folly and ignorance, stupidity and conceit, that nothing would tempt you to exchange your mental endowments for theirs, even with the balance of their superior fortune.

In the sixth you are disposed still to covet. Here all is fair and delightful. It would be heaven upon earth to you. But wait, observe further, and with the accurate penetration of a microscope. You start; you turn away sickened and horror-struck! Wherefore? Hidden in the penetralia of that domestic circle are festering sins which never exist with peace and happiness. They are like cancers upon the hearts of those inmates. They will increase till they overcome and destroy. The world mistrusts them not. Profound and subtle secrecy has effectually beguiled every eye. Here is the path which the culture of envy hath not seen, nor hath the fierce lion of public censure passed by it.

You behold the lot of the successful author, and exclaim, "O, that is the life for me! How enviable to be applauded and admired by the multitudes for the triumphs of intellect!" Here, too, are certainly perquisites peculiar to a life of literary toil, which you would not willingly accept as your lot.

And thus might you search from one coveted life to another, through the whole catalogue, and discover nothing really worth enjoying, as it exists inseparably connected with so much of sin, and suffering, and sorrow. Does one say, "These trials all have place in humbler homes and among superior and inferior minds alike, without any of those compensations which are in the train of wealth to mitigate the poignancy of endurance." True, but seldom are they found in the intensity which exists in the circles of the higher classes. The hopes, the aims, and the activities which necessarily impel those who are obliged to struggle for a place in the world are a merciful provision against the blackness of despair and the abandonment of all life's joy and brightness, to which those who know nothing of such efforts become a willing captive. The roses are the most beautiful of all flowers. They have the thorns, while the humbler flowers may nestle in the soft patches of vegetation without any of these unpleasant incumbrances. There is more genuine happiness to be found among those persons who are not compelled to sustain the pride and parade of high life, but where care and efforts are confined to the simple and reasonable provisions of rational existence than is reckoned in the calculations of the superficial observer.

It is certain, however, that some persons seem

to suffer more and deeper in this world, than others disconnected from all external circumstances. But are they not called to this stern discipline of sorrow to perfect that humility in their souls which shall make them eminent means of the greatest usefulness on earth and heirs of the highest degree of happiness in heaven? No one ever arrives to great eminence for excellence of character, except through the fearful ordeal of suffering. Flowers must be crushed before yielding the richest perfume. When the ambitious mother came to Jesus and desired that her two sons might sit the one on his right hand and the other on his left in his kingdom, he replied, "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?"

Therefore, if in the pride of aspiration you behold any in a position of honorable exaltation with envy, remember the *cost*! Ask yourself if you are able to drink of the cup which has been drained by them to the bitterest dregs, to be immersed in the succession of trials which have consecrated their souls to the discipline which giveth wisdom and strength! You know not what you do, when, in the pride of your heart, you ask for the highest exaltation!

We should cultivate humility that we may not, through envy of the successes of our equals or superiors, have a desire to injure them by detracting from their merit. When any find themselves saying in their hearts, "She has no right to so much praise; I should share these honors, at least; I will injure her; I will put her down, that she may know that she is not what she doubtless infers at present," they should beware of the evil that is possessing them. They are yielding to a temptation which will drive them forth from happiness and peace. Such designs never prosper ultimately, however they may appear to flourish proximately. They are only retarding their own progress and providing for the more effectual elevation of the person who is the object of envy. The "Divinity who shapes our ends," notwithstanding the most artful calculations, takes cognizance of these purposes and awards success and failure accordingly.

There are several kinds of humility, some of which are to be avoided no less than other errors of the heart. Of these is that external air of humility which is none other than secret pride. Coleridge observes that the "favorite sin" of the spirit of evil "is the pride that apes humility." The cynical Diogenes and other disciples of Antisthenes, who affected to despise wealth and much else which is valued by mankind, were of this class. They would not have walked the streets of Athens with such a parade of plain

wretchedness had they not secretly gloried in their peculiar habits and opinions. Any one who dresses with extreme plainness for the motive of being observed for singular humility is not humble. Or, is an act of external humility performed with only this motive, it has no merit. Where there exists pride humility is not.

We should also beware of that humility which makes us lower our standard of action to commonplace frivolity or any act unworthy of ourselves. We should never descend to the ignoble level of those persons who would bring down to themselves and their folly or wickedness every one, or stigmatize them with the character of being proud. If such is the standard of those who call themselves humble it were wiser in us to seek another class with whom to associate; or, at least, we should have the strictest care to preserve our own rule of action unshaken and intact. Some persons will descend to a variety of unworthy conduct, even to certain forms of positive dissipation, for no other reason than to be popular with those of their associates who will call them proud if they become not partakers with them in their evil deeds. This proves often the first step in the downfall of many a noble soul which might have risen to positions of distinguished usefulness and honor. But in attempting to rise on the ladder of spurious humility they found the worm-eaten rounds insecure, and finally fell into degradation and shame, from which they never afterward emerged. They failed to discern that those persons who affected this false humility were prouder than the proud in *their own way*. This most disastrous state of society is more frequently illustrated in political cliques, social fraternities, colleges, and various other bodies, in both town and country. But every young person should be distinctly warned against this pitfall, to be found in the life-path of all. *Let no young lady ever do any act which she would blush to submit to the attention of her wisest friends, in order to please others who will accuse her of pride, if she refuse to descend to their unworthy level.* There are especial occasions when ladies should guard against pride and cherish a spirit of humility. These are,

First. When any meritorious act has been performed and decided praise is awarded by others. We should never betray any emotion under such circumstances other than tranquil satisfaction and entire repose of soul, united to a grateful appreciation of the commendation. Yet how many receive a triumph with such elation and besotted arrogance that it is their last! Thus they gather to themselves more enemies in a short time than they ever will have friends in all their lives.

It is so natural to feel unworthy exaltation in moments of success, we should be strictly watchful to make great and persevering efforts to acquire a becoming temper of mind. Let a weak-minded person suddenly become possessed of any good fortune, and the pride of the heart springs up in a night like the gourd of the prophet, but like that, also, it is smitten by the worm of shame, and perishes as suddenly as it was evoked. So surely as we allow ourselves to feel pride in any success, so surely are we making ourselves targets for misfortunes. The word of God hath said it. When cometh pride then cometh shame. Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. The one who can bear prosperity with becoming humility is truly wise of heart and great of soul.

In this connection we should not lose sight of the influence we are casting around us. Are we fortunate? Then let us so carry ourselves that all may say, "How consistent she is with all her good fortune! It is so admirable, I will take pleasure in imitating her." On the contrary, if we bear ourselves proudly in prosperity others will imitate us while none will approve.

Second. No lady should be proud of personal advantages. If one has beauty let her not conduct so that others will have occasion to say, "She would be prettier were she not so vain. She has been flattered so much she looks like a smirking doll in a pantomime." The true grace and conservator of beauty is an absence of all apparent consciousness of it.

Third. A lady should beware of pride on account of family position or wealth. These should remember that fortune is fickle and the next vicissitude may rob her of all meretricious surroundings, in which case she will have reason to rejoice if she never has displayed an ill-spirit toward others.

Fourth. Especially shall those be humble who have superior intellectual attainments. In proportion that rare mental gifts have been bestowed will the right use of them be required, which consists in imparting all useful knowledge to others with that affable grace which is pleasing to every recipient.

Finally, let woman beware of cherishing such opinions of her own inalienable capabilities and merits, as to appreciate the revelation of God to man and despise to accept salvation through the atonement of Jesus Christ. Such there have been in all ages of the Christian era, and particularly in the present is the religion of human exaltation magnifying itself on every hand. Dangerous it is for woman to begin to exalt her own reason above the Bible, and to join society with those who do likewise. Let her willingly bear the

contumelious reproach of weak incapability of fathoming the philosophy of rational religion and a natural adaptation to the "ignorant superstitions of the Christian Churches;" let her suffer any imputation; ay, let her die at the stake, as many delicate women have nobly perished, ere she desert the pure spiritual faith of our Redeemer, who made a little child typical of the kingdom of heaven.

The time will soon come—it is even now bringing the death-angel to our door—when it will matter nothing to us what others thought, but every thing what we thought of ourselves, in view of the great truths of life and immortality. As daughters, wives, mothers, and members of society, let us then be found firmly on the side of the right, with the motto ever on our hearts and lives,

*"In te Domine speravi."*

#### SKETCHES FROM THE LIFE OF AN AMSTERDAM PREACHER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH OF H. C. ROGGE.

BY WILLIAM F. WARREN.

ABOUT the commencement of the seventeenth century Holland was visited by a raging pestilence, which wrought fearful ravages, especially in Amsterdam, sweeping off thousands of victims. Churches and church-yards could not afford the space requisite for the interment of numbers who must from day to day be borne to the grave. New burial-places were set apart, a second hospital created, various official measures adopted for the purpose of checking as much as possible the spread of the contagion and of mitigating its malignity. The only objects visible in the once gay and crowded thoroughfares were mourners, who, but a few days or hours before, had laid a beloved victim in the grave; fugitives, whose untimely fears and anxious endeavors to escape the contagion were but to insure their doom; the afflicted, whose prayers, though not querulous or impatient, yet seemed to ask Heaven when the end of this sore visitation should come. On the 24th of July, 1602, a general fast was proclaimed, and when at close of summer the plague had mostly abated, the 18th day of September was set apart to be observed as a day of public thanksgiving.

While at Leyden the pestilence carried off important victims, and not only the National University, but also the whole National Church was called to suffer a heavy loss in the death of Francis Junius and Luke Trelcatius, both Professors of Divinity at that place, it was remarkable that at Amsterdam, during the whole time the

epidemic raged, not one of the magistrates, judges, treasurers, guardians of orphans, ministers of the Gospel, deacons, elders, governors and teachers of the high school was attacked. The scourge spread itself every-where among the poor and lowly; and, though the scanty and miserable food of these unfortunates may have contributed thereto, one cause is certainly to be sought in the lack of timely-afforded aid and nursing.

Among the preachers, whose assistance and consolations were in great demand, there was one who comprehended with unusual clearness his calling as pastor of this flock, and who was deeply penetrated with a sense of the obligations which rested upon him both as a man and as a Christian in such trying circumstances. He loved his flock heartily, and was heartily loved in turn. Not only by his learning, but still more by his personal intercourse with them, had he won many of their hearts. However much time he devoted to his studies he forgot not his flock. To all he was a comforter, a helper, a counselor, and a friend. No one knocked at his door in vain, and wherever he found opportunity to distribute the bread of life or to sow in a fruitful soil the Gospel seed, there was he ever ready and unwearied. He knew how to adapt himself to times and circumstances, and felt himself as much at home in the hovels of the poor as in the mansions of the affluent. He could enjoy a reasonable festivity or an earnest conversation—could adapt himself readily to the gay chat of the social circle or to the profoundest discussions on the doctrines of religion. According to the testimony of a cotemporary, "he was courteous, friendly, and sociable, very versatile in conversation, and, therefore, very agreeable to high and low. If the conversation turned upon profound subjects he contributed his part; if something humorous was brought up he could relate something of like character; was music the demand, he was ready for that. In the reception and entertainment of a friend he was generous and hospitable, also willing when entertained in turn to be jovial and merry, and all this with respect and moderation." To the best of his knowledge he sought always and every-where to provide for the welfare of his flock; and while he sought to bring Christ into all their homes and hearts, he sought not less to imitate his Lord and Master, himself in caring for the temporal and eternal interests of those intrusted to his care.

When Luther was urged during a severe pestilence to flee straightway from the infected city his manful answer was, "This is my pastoral charge, and a hundred pestilences shall not drive me from it. On the contrary I will hold



myself in constant readiness to visit the sick and render to them my offices." So thought and so acted the man of whom we speak. On the 17th of August of that doleful year he wrote to his intimate friend as follows: "Truly the sore displeasure of God rests upon us and upon our whole city. The majority lie sick, many die daily; last week the mortality rose to above seven hundred, and as yet the disease does not abate. Very many seek safety for themselves and their children in flight; God grant that thereby they may escape the danger! I admire more, however, the conduct of those who say: Let us endure the Lord's wrath, since we have sinned before him. I trust the Lord will not keep his anger forever, and that his ancient mercies will not always be hidden from us. He will not slay the mother with her sons, but will preserve a seed to laud and celebrate his name among the living. Meanwhile we cease not to send up prayers for the saving of the city. We urge the people to prayer and amendment of life; we comfort the feeble-minded, and encourage the timorous by reminding them of the divine promises, while the pressure of our circumstances and the sad aspect of the city spur us forward to greater zeal than ever." In the same letter he praises God that thus far so many, especially of the more important and indispensable members of society, had been providentially spared. He also laments the death of one of his friends, Taffinus, a preacher on the Waal—though it was not certain whether he had died of the plague or from some other cause—and entreats his friend and those who were with him to vie with him in prayer to God for the removal of the sore scourge. "Who knows but he will have compassion on us that we perish not!"

But let us follow the man himself in his visits to the suffering and dying.

In one of the most poverty-stricken and out-of-the-way quarters of the city the disorder raged more pitilessly than elsewhere. Death stalked from house to house, and wherever with his ice-cold hand he smote one member of a family he not seldom returned for all of the others. Uncleanliness caused the contagion to spread the more rapidly, and a complete lack of appropriate alleviations and aid rendered more painful many a death hour. Through fear of infection each regarded himself as fortunate if able to escape those who needed assistance without thinking further upon their lot, and where even the feeling of natural love and friendship was suppressed by the instinct of self-preservation, that bare philanthropy which spontaneously seeks out the miserable was, of course, rare.

To this part of the city had the minister of whom we speak directed his steps, sent for, perhaps, by some poor sufferer, perhaps drawn thither solely by the desire of rendering his assistance where to many he could but be an angel of consolation. A fearful moan from one of these dilapidated dwellings suddenly strikes upon his ear. Instantly he pauses and finds a whole family plague-smitten, helpless, and tortured with burning thirst. He offers a neighbor some money to procure refreshments as quickly as possible. It is brought, but no one dares to enter the fatal tenement to reach it to the wretched inmates. Not a moment, however, does he hesitate; he approaches their beds, and with his own hand gives them the medicinal provisions which were to mitigate for a moment their insufferable torment. True to his high calling as a servant of Christ, he accompanied each earthly refreshment with a word of heavenly instruction and cheer. Ah! who knows what saving prayers gushed forth in that lowly home, while tears of gratitude bedewed the emaciated cheek! Who knows how many in departing breathed forth their last benediction upon the man who, by his deeds, so unanswerably demonstrated that the spirit of the Lord was in him!

His biographer, in narrating these particulars, adds the remark that this noble man discharged his duties with such zeal and fidelity in every part of his unusually-extensive field of labor as to deserve to be held up as a model to all successors in the pastoral office.

During his fifteen years of labor at Amsterdam our preacher knew little undisturbed rest and peace. He was continually complained of on account of his religious opinions, and was often obliged to defend himself from accusations before his colleagues and the presbytery. What those opinions were, and how far his opponents were right in withstanding them, we will not here inquire. We prefer to show what sort of a Christian he was, and how far he was actuated by the spirit of Christianity. Let us accompany him again on one of his pastoral visitations. We shall allow him to speak himself from a letter which he wrote his aforementioned friend on the 1st of October of the same year:

"I can not refrain from relating to you what has twice happened to me within a few days; first, in the case of a woman afflicted with a contagious fever, and secondly in the case of a man laboring under a malignant species of the plague. Both of them were members of our Church, persons of good life and spotless reputation—in my opinion true Christians. The first was a woman of excellent judgment, and con-

versant with sacred things far above the generality of her sex. The man also was so skilled in the same as to have been thought a suitable person for administering consolation to others. I add that they were wholly unacquainted with each other lest you might think that the one was drawn into these temptations through the influence of the other. Both of them began to feel anxious and troubled because they could not feel in their hearts the certain assurance of the remission of their sins, nor hear the comforting attestation of the Holy Spirit, especially at this juncture when they deemed such perceptions peculiarly needful. They had, indeed, attempted, by prayer and serious meditation upon the word of God, to waken these feelings, if perchance they might lie dormant in their hearts, but all in vain. The woman vented her feelings in floods of tears; the man restrained his grief within. Neither was in outright despair, yet both were extremely distressed on account of what I have just mentioned. To tell the truth, I listened to them with a sad heart, and, touched with genuine commiseration, sought how I might relieve them from this temptation. In both instances I succeeded. First, I inquired after the reason why they so tormented themselves on this point. They replied—and the thoughts of both had been alike on this point—that they accounted the assurance of the remission of sins, and the testimony of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of believers to constitute that faith by which the believer is justified, and, therefore, because they were at this time destitute of this assurance and testimony, they feared they were destitute of justifying faith itself. I then proceeded to ask them if they did not believe that Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ sent by the Father into the world as the true and only Savior of the world; if they did not assuredly know that God the Father had in this only Savior reconciled the world unto himself, not imputing to men their trespasses; that the same Jesus had received from the Father power to forgive sins, however aggravated they might be, and to bestow the Spirit of adoption on those who believe in him; and that Christ is himself in every respect ready, nay, pledged to exercise this power for the salvation of all believers. They responded they firmly believed all these things. I then said, This is the faith which is imputed for righteousness, but the remission of sins is the fruit of this faith, and to this follows, in the order of nature if not of time, a sense of the remission of sins in the heart of the believer, as the apostle says, 'Being justified by faith we have peace with God.' So, likewise, with the gift of the Holy Spirit which is bestowed on those who believe in Christ; on

whomsoever it is bestowed it begins to operate in that way in which the Spirit itself knows will contribute to the salvation of those to whom it is given. Hereupon they began to be interested, and to confess openly—the man especially, being supported by a sister-in-law who had shared his opinion, and who set it forth in the most appropriate manner—that hitherto they had thought the *sense of the forgiveness of sins* to be *faith itself*. I proved, however, by various texts of Scripture that justifying faith, remission of sins, and the sense or feeling of this remission are all distinct things in the Scriptures, and consecutories to each other. After these remarks they felt still more encouraged. I then explained the causes why this assurance and comfort of the Spirit are not always felt in an equal degree by believers. Finally, under the blessing of God hope returned so that they no longer hesitated to commend their souls to God in hope and patience and to await with tranquil mind the hour of dissolution. Two days later the man died in the Lord."

Surely the man who could thus comfort and console, who knew how thus to direct the eye to Him whose love alone gives peace at the thought of the past, courage and strength for the present, and blissful hope for the future—surely that man could soften a dying bed and prepare the soul which put its trust in the Lord for a joyous passage to the better life.

Should the reader desire still another touch to complete the picture and enable him to form a worthy conception and estimate of this noble philanthropist we would add the testimony of one of his cotemporaries, Wallich Sijvaertssoon. This gentleman dedicated a book to him some two years later as "his much-loved friend," and gives his reasons as follows: "Because in past time I have experienced your good-will, hearty sympathy, and pastoral care manifested toward me at a time when your reverence knew I was in need of them, and especially two years ago when I felt the hand of God in the general scourge of the pestilence over our cities, by which my beloved wife of blessed memory was snatched away out of this dreary and sorrowful world. Furthermore, because on learning my loss, you hastened, despite the imminent danger to which it exposed you, to visit me in my affliction on the very day of her decease, as you had done twice before during her sickness, mingling your tears with mine and those of my children. How consoling and pleasant it was to me!"

What wonder is it that such a man was beloved by high and low, and that when he was called away to a higher service, he was scarce able to tear himself away from a people to whom

for so long a period he had felt himself closely bound by common sufferings and common sympathies!

The man from whose life we have communicated these sketches was at the same time a husband and father of several children, and, though he did not forget to care for his flock, he was often filled with anxiety for those who were above all others dear to his heart as the thought occurred to him that the deathly plague might demand one of his own, or, perhaps, himself as a victim.

It was to the same intimate friend of whom we have already spoken that he opened his heart, and wrote as follows: "When the destructive pestilence for the first time broke out on all sides, heaping corpses on corpses around me, the thought of my wife and children disturbed me not a little, especially when I remembered how paltry an inheritance I have to leave to them. But by God's help I have freed my mind from that, and now entertain no doubt that He who is the Father of the widow and of the fatherless will care for them. Not that I have done any thing which would entitle me to believe that on that account he would continue to show favor after my death to those dear to me, but it is because I dare hope he will do it with unwavering confidence." With such humility and trust did he commit himself and his all into his heavenly Father's hand. The thought of his own exposure to death only inspirited him to unshrinking persistence, even in the face of death, in the discharge of the duties to which his father had called him.

But he and his were spared. The destroying angel crossed not his threshold. In subsequent years he was called to endure much domestic affliction, but gratefully recalling that divine preservation, he bore these lesser trials without complaint. Should he receive good from the Lord and not evil, also? In his later public life he had much to experience, passed through such painful controversies and trials as to be brought down to his grave in the very prime of life; but the recollection of those days when he afforded consolation and cheer to so many, when he manifested so clearly the living power of his faith, and was enabled to glorify his beloved Master's name even at the bedside of the dying, must have afforded him comfort, and confirmed him in the conviction that the Lord ceased not to love and bless him, even when his best endeavors seemed frustrated and his best intentions misunderstood.

And who was this laborer in the Lord's vineyard? It was *James Arminius*, and the inti-

mate friend to whom he wrote was John Uytenbogaert.

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.—Lest any reader should be led by certain expressions employed by Arminius in the above sketches to misapprehend his real sentiments on the subject of *assurance or the witness of the Spirit*, the translator deems it needful to add that on this doctrine Arminius was soundly evangelical. Though he makes a very proper distinction between the certainty of an intellectual conviction and that of this religious assurance, he nevertheless maintains the twofold witness of God's Spirit and ours, resulting in a certain knowledge of divine favor. See *Nicholl's ARMINIUS*, Notes to Appendix O., Vol. I., p. 176, also *Bagnall's* edition of his works, Vol. I., p. 255. In his *Declaratio Sententie*, art. vi, he says: "As to assurance of salvation I believe that every believer, by the operation of the Holy Spirit inwardly actuating him, and by the fruits of faith from his own conscience and from the witness of the Holy Spirit witnessing with him, CAN BE CERTAIN AND PERSUADED, and, if his heart condemn him not, IS, IN FACT, CERTAIN that he is a child of God, and stands in the grace of Jesus Christ—*certum permasumque posse esse, atque etiam re ipsa certum esse, si cor suum se non condemnet, filium se Dei esse, et in gratia Jesu Christi stare.*"—*Opera*, p. 99.

#### THE MAIDEN CROSSING THE CORNFIELD.

THERE is an eastern story, which has its version in many languages, of a beautiful damsel to whom a genius of surpassing power desired to give a talisman. He enjoined her to take her way across a field of standing corn; she was to pluck the tallest and the largest ear she could find, but she was to gather it as she went forward and never pause in her path or to step backward in quest of her object. In proportion to the size and ripeness of the ear she gathered, so would be its power as a talisman. She went out upon her quest, says the legend, and entered upon the field many tall stalks of surpassing excellence met her glance, but she still walked onward, expecting always to discover some one more excellent still. At last she reached a portion of the field where the crop was thinner and the ears more stunted. She regretted the tall and graceful stalks she had left behind, but disdained to pluck those which fell so far below what her ideas were of a perfect ear. But, alas! the stems grew still more ragged and more scanty as she trod onward; on the margin of the field they were rank and mildewed, and when she had accomplished her walk through the waving grain, she emerged on the other side without having gathered a single ear. The genius rebuked her for her folly, but we are not told that he gave her any opportunity to retrieve her error. We may apply this mystic little fable to every-day life.



## TREASURES.

BY MAGGIE GIFFORD.

SNUGGLED up in a corner, tied with a string  
The color of blue, is a tiny wee ring  
That was given to me when only a baby—  
Too small for my finger now I'm a lady—  
By a dear little boy, who said, true as his life,  
When I "got big" he'd make me his wife;  
So he counted my fingers and stopped at the third,  
Slipped on the ring and called me his bird,  
And made me promise that hand of mine  
Should be his to keep in his manhood time;  
That the pledge I should save till this should be—  
He was but eight and I but three.

My word I have kept, and here is the ring  
Tied up in the corner with a little blue string;  
But the giver's forgotten the promise he made,  
And another hand in his own was laid  
To receive the ring, and love strong as life  
Sweetened his voice as he called her wife;  
'T was the love of a man, and I'd not bring  
This little boy-pledge bound up with a string;  
But it's sweet to look back and the picture see  
Of a boy of eight and a child of three;  
So I'll lay it away; there's one in its place,  
With the clasp shut down on a fair young face  
That is coming soon from over the sea,  
Coming for love—coming for me.  
Next is a curl, long, golden, and bright,  
That is brown in the dark, yellow in light;  
It fell on the brow of one who died.  
Her eyes were as brown as the curls by their side,  
And her voice as sweet as a young bird's song  
When the sun shines bright and the days are long;  
She went from our midst the fairest and best,  
With a smile on her lip and flowers on her breast,  
And all that is left is this *long brown curl*  
By the side of my ring in this box of pearl.

A letter peeps out, one *brown and old*,  
And sweet words nestle in every fold;  
The one *pet name* that none else know  
Is most torn out—the light shines through.  
'T was sent to me from a sunnier clime,  
Where flowers grow ripe in our winter-time,  
By one whose brow with bay was wreathed,  
And a nation's praise in his ear was breathed;  
But the burning words which brought him fame  
Were not so dear as the ones that came,  
Brought to us by the wind and tide;  
But my treasure is marked, *from one who died*.

Four years ago she was dressed in white,  
And the rose I have slept midst the light  
Of braided hair and shaded eyes  
As blue and glad as summer skies;  
Her baby now stands by her chair  
With the same bright eyes and golden hair;  
And I'll keep this beautiful web of pearls  
To hold from my brow the truant curls,  
When I shall look up to one at my side,  
And breathe the vow that makes me a bride.

I have mindings of joy and mindings of woe,  
Thoughts sweet and sad of *long ago*,

And I take them out and count them o'er,  
When a ruddy light dreams on the floor;  
With kisses return them, then open my ring:  
The dearest to me is this beautiful thing;  
My darling's own face over gazing at me,  
A face that is coming from over the sea.

## WAYSIDE FOOTPRINTS.

BY MARY A. DEVER.

LIFE is but a varied pathway,  
All uneven and unshorn,  
Here adorned with blooming flowers,  
Yonder set with many a thorn.  
O'er this pathway we must journey,  
We a lonely pilgrim band,  
Toward a place of joy or sorrow  
In the far-off "spirit-land."

There are footprints by the wayside,  
Many footprints here and there;  
Some that tell of heavenward journeyings,  
Some of journeyings toward despair.  
These dim footprints all are left us  
By the travelers gone before,  
Left as guides or silent wanderings  
In the road we travel o'er.

Here a footprint firmly planted,  
Ever tending toward the right,  
Tells that one, his journey ended,  
Reigns in realms forever bright.  
Here another, weak, uncertain,  
Wandering oft in error's way,  
Tells of one who, misled, blinded,  
Squandered all of life's short day.

And if, after all his wanderings,  
He should find the right again,  
Still are left his erring footprints,  
That must evermore remain.  
Then another coming after  
May by them be led away;  
May be led by his example  
In the paths of sin to stray.

If, then, footprints all are leaving  
That shall tell and tell for aye,  
How should we by watching, praying,  
Strive to keep the narrow way;  
That at last, when life is ended  
And we leave this pilgrim band,  
Ours may be but well-marked footprints  
Leading to a "better land!"

## KIND WORDS.

BY R. M. DECK.

I NEVER heard that voice before,  
I never think to hear it more,  
Yet still it lingers like some strain  
Which soothed you once, and then again  
Would come with breathings soft and low  
As memory's tales of long ago.

## A PICTURE.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

A cot by many summers browed,  
A long, low porch with grape-vines crowned,  
Sweet jasmin by the wall;  
With bright birds flitting in and out,  
And dropping dainty songs about  
To cheer and gladden all.

A mimic mound of daisy stars,  
A ladder mounting lattice bars,  
Where clinging woodbines climb;  
A flock of white-winged butterflies  
That in a snowy cloud arise  
From off a bed of thyme.

A rosebush bending with its bloom,  
Sweet briars reaching out for room  
Across the casement low;  
A humming-bird with wavering wings,  
And breast begirt with rainbow rings,  
Swift flashing to and fro.

A verdant lawn sloping away  
To fragrant fields of new-mown hay;  
A clear stream straying wide,  
Weaving its silver thread of sheen  
Among the meadows broad and green,  
That spread their sheets of bloom between  
The hills on either side.

The great hills, strewed with shadows brown,  
And white flocks wandering up and down;  
With plummy pines plaiting a crown  
Upon their foreheads high;  
And, spanning all, serene and bright,  
And glorifying all with light  
The cloudless summer sky.

## LET ME WEEP.

BY M. HODGES.

WILT thou not let me weep?  
'Tis not rebellious tears I ask to shed  
Over the sleeper that the world calls dead  
Not tears which in their bitter flow  
Increase the heavy weight of woe;  
But such as Jesus for a Lazarus shed  
Thus would I mourn the sleeper you call dead;  
Wilt thou not let me weep?

Wilt thou not let me weep?  
Hath nature then no balm for deepest grief?  
Doth heaven to weary hearts send no relief?  
Is there no hope for hearts bowed down?  
Do angels on such tear-drops frown?  
Then let me from the angels' presence steal,  
While fall the drops I would but can't conceal;  
Wilt thou not let me weep?

Wilt thou not let me weep?  
When clouds are heavy why doth fall the rain,  
Before the beautiful sunlight comes again?  
The flowers bow till the sweet dew shall fade,  
Which all too heavy on their petals laid;  
Thus would my heart its weary love forsake,  
And from the works of God sweet counsel take;  
Wilt thou not let me weep?

Wilt thou not let me weep?  
When Jesus in the garden lonely prayed,  
That fearful night in which he was betrayed,  
Did not the tears his cheek o'errun  
Even while he said "*thy will be done?*"  
Then let me weep, since Jesus is my guide,  
For tears shall keep me nearer to his side.  
Yes, thou wilt let me weep.

## WHO IS DEAD?

BY LIZZIE GOULD.

"Dead!" who is dead? The infant, so frail,  
Whose new-given life scarcely measured a day;  
Gone with the hush of its first feeble wail,  
It knoweth not suffering or sorrow for aye!  
Mocking the anguish of love's first outgushing,  
All coldly it lieth in beautiful sleep,  
Heeding not now the low lullaby's hushing,  
Escaped from the earth ere it learned how to weep.  
Fold thou the little one, Earth, to thy breast,  
Let the grave shelter its innocent rest.

"Dead!" who is dead? Go and ask the heart-stricken  
Where wander the steps of their fairy-like child,  
Sweet-voiced prattler, whose winning affection  
Cemented their love and their sorrow beguiled.  
Mute with the anguish which boweth unspoken  
Beside the low bier of their earliest born,  
Bitterly weep they, their idol is broken,  
And darkness enshroudeth the sun-gilded morn.  
Say, "is it well with the child" they have given?  
Yea, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

"Dead!" who is dead? The bell's solemn measure  
Has numbered the age of one yet in life's prime.  
Tell me, O, tell me, what coveted treasure  
The stern conqueror wears as a trophy this time!  
Home has been robbed and a strong heart is bleeding,  
All crushed by the weight of earth's heaviest woe.  
Heed'st thou not, mother, those little ones pleading,  
The care which thy fondness was wont to bestow?  
Many a year will they pine for her love;  
Pity and shield them, thou Father above!

"Dead!" who is dead? A time-honored sire,  
Whose long beard and silvery fell low o'er his  
breast,  
Welcomed at last his long-labored-for hire,  
And has gone with full harvest of years to his rest.  
Long had thick darkness his eyelids been pressing,  
But broke as the struggle of life he gave o'er.  
Children and grandchildren craved his last blessing,  
And gathered to watch him departing the shore.  
Bury the good man where long fell his tea:  
Over the choice of his earlier years!

"Dead!" who is dead? From afar 'cross the waters  
The outposts of Zion are mourning their slain.  
Watchmen have fallen and *Columbia's* daughters  
Have watered with martyr-blood India's plain.  
Sadly they mourned in those hours of anguish,  
*But not for their lives, or their homes o'er the wave—*  
Mourned that the work they had yearned o'er must  
languish,  
And heathens still go without Christ to the grave!  
God of the mission, didst hear their last cry?  
"Send them the bread of life though we may die?"

## WORK AND PLAY.

BY WILLIAM T. COGGESHALL.

IT is pleasant to look back at the rude life of our remote ancestry and witness that, though sad superstition often influenced their common affairs, there were among them what might indeed be called beautiful errors—errors of exuberant imagination—out of which customs sprang that now impart social joy—household happiness, wherever there is proper respect for and encouragement of healthful pastimes.

Festivities, celebrations, and holidays have been observed ever since the deeds and habits of men have been recorded. With them have been associated grievous dissipation and serious neglect of life's most imperative responsibilities; but every nation, of which history traces the common life, has been happier and greater with its games and its pastimes than it would have been under discipline so austere that, crushing out all dissipation, all frivolity, public festivities had been abolished.

The progress of civilization has refined away much that was earnest and hearty in national sports without providing a fitting substitute. The people of England and America in 1860 have more household convenience, more physical comfort, greater mechanical facility, higher intellectual opportunities than had either Anglo-Saxons, Celts, or Germans three hundred years ago; but that social happiness has widened, that appreciation of, and opportunity for, chaste amusement has enlarged, that taste for wholesome recreation has grown in a corresponding degree, is a proposition which, unlike most causes in courts of justice, it appears to me, has but one side.

I think experience in morals and in business has established this fact, that if there were an instrument for ascertaining the bearing and tendency of all social pleasures, as there is for determining physical bearings and distances, it would indicate the family altar as the center of true enjoyment as surely as the needle indicates all points of the compass by its steadfastness to the north pole.

Americans are proud of their homes. They support them liberally; that is, they are lavish of expense for gilding, and rosewood, and tapestry; for plate and porcelain. But if their prominent habits are a criterion, if their places of resort furnish good data for reliable opinion, they appreciate the consolations of counting-houses, the attractions of saloons, the license of hotels more readily than the quiet and ease, the glee or kindness of home. They love show better than sport; they can not separate amusement from display—the intense, the startling being so

common that quiet repose, except in sleep, is irksome.

Popular characteristics are pleasantly revealed in an analysis of the fact that, though Americans are eager for wit, they do not often search for plain humor. He who runs may have wit for his companion, but whoever would know humor must cultivate its acquaintance in ease and quiet—must seek its subtle sweetness when all the vanities and vexations of big balances in bank, big houses on fashionable avenues, or big shows in the fashionable season are out of mind.

We have in these United States national vices enough to make a long catalogue; but we have not one national amusement, we have no national game, no national pastime, unless money-making can be called a pastime, which, I presume, it can not, just after a financial crisis, though we often enough make "game" of each other by it.

We have national holidays—holidays religious, patriotic, and social. But whether we celebrate Thanksgiving or Fourth of July, Christmas, New-Year's, or May-day, eating and speech-making are the principal amusements. We build our churches, help missionaries, support moral reforms, and feed and clothe the destitute, not by selling cards of admission to musical entertainments, or even to lectures, but by the sale of tickets to oysters and set-speeches. These are the public entertainments which "draw." Yet any man who intelligently observes can not fail to be struck with the haggard cast of countenance which prevails at a state fair, at a political mass meeting, at even a Fourth of July dinner, as if "short dinners" and the prospect of shorter ones were the rule, not the exception, among the American people.

Why this lean and hungry stamp on the human face and form in a land proverbial for plenty that is good to eat and good to wear? The answer is convenient. The people have too much work and not enough play, too much care and not enough amusement—fun, if you please, or recreation, if that is more dignified.

Consumption is an American vice. I do not mean consumption of whisky and tobacco, which is bad enough, or consumption of any food, healthful or deleterious, but I mean consumption of human life. The result of a want of vitalizing recreation for lungs and brains is a disease—an insidious, deceitful disease. But the neglect under which lungs contract and brains paralyze is a vice. Next to food and sleep for the human body and mind, physiologically considered, is recreation. I use that phrase for want of a better one. I do not mean inaction by it; I do not mean what people suffer when



they talk of killing time, because I think it shameful for any man, woman, or child to be in such a frame of mind or body that murder of that character seems to be necessary. The poet Cowley said truly: "It is shocking to hear a man say he does not know how to pass his time. It would have been ill-spoken by Methuselah in the nine hundred and sixty-ninth year of his age."

Recreation, as I employ it, implies interesting change from common employment. And I would have such variety in that change as would not only afford relaxation to the intellect, but enjoyment to the affections and strength to the muscles. Taking the word in that sense it may be said, with moral as well as physiological significance, that to possess normal frames of mind and body men and women must take wholesome food, sound sleep, and hearty recreation. In appropriate notation, they prepare muscles, nerves, and brain for vigorous, well-directed effort. While all are allowed their just claims, the demands of each are modest; but the penalty of protracted neglect is sure and serious—of recreation as sure and serious, if not immediate or active, as neglect of either food or sleep. What recreation, constitution, and occupation demand men and women must determine for themselves just as they must determine what food they will eat, and how and when they will sleep.

That mercenary motives are often mingled with popular amusements is a sad satire on American character. I do not wish to be understood that men whose business it is to provide entertainments should not be liberally paid, but that when the motive for purchasing a ticket to a concert lies in a forlorn hope that perhaps the piano, or diamond ring, or gold watch to be distributed will fall to your lot, a cynic would be inclined to suspect that your love of music was not quite as active as your love of a good bargain.

When respectable communities tolerate schemes stupendous in impudence, rich only in deception, calling men and women together under false pretenses of amusement, because they hold tickets which promise the distribution of houses and lots, and fast horses, and gold watches, the shrewd observer, who has taken note of a general neglect of legitimate festivals, of indifference to wholesome entertainments, is at no loss to find the secret of tendencies to pernicious excitements, which corrupt the morals and destroy the business usefulness of "Young America."

Those whose souls answer to divine harmonies in art and music, in eloquence and poetry, and are therefore pained by the association of vice with private or public festivities, must pronounce against Fashion's tide whenever, for pique or pride merely, it sets toward concert halls, lec-

ture rooms, or picture galleries, as firmly as they pronounce against the mercenary debasement of music to gift concerts or of art to cheating lottery schemes.

When festivity, conviviality, and amusement are subject to display, to show, to pretense, in short, to "snobbing" among one class, and to love of things good to eat, or to the satisfaction of drawing a prize among another class, their spiritual value, their true virtue are no more wisely appreciated than is the far-reaching significance of popular sovereignty by a man who would fight for the elective franchise because election day makes "good whisky" free; than is the true value of honesty by a man who would cheat rather than work, if there was not a sad sameness in the food and clothing at the penitentiary. Indeed, like virtue, recreation is independent. If not sought for itself it must be like tenderness of heart to a pawnbroker, or frankness to a defeated office-seeker, or dry humor to a water-cure patient, or like laughter to a man who has caught a hard fall.

Those diversions—those enticements from the common employment of the American people—from their needful occupations—which would improve health, strengthen morals, and freshen minds, are not customary in a very considerable degree, for the reason that austerity, mistaken for piety, under the guise of affected dignity, is shocked at the mere mention of fun, frolic, pleasure—words that, according to the narrow opinions of a business recluse, who may be "veneer'd with sanctimonious theory," are preserved in our language by hoydens and vagabonds. I thank the hoyden and the vagabond for such preservation. I am grateful to those who give our juveniles occasion for the use of such phrases as "jolly," "good fun," "rare sport," even if they are associated with drums and fifes, and flags and feathers, by that solemn mockery of pleasure which commissioned and titled gentlemen call military parade.

A modern thinker has well said: "Amusement is not only defensible, but the want of it is a calamity and an injury to the sober and solid interests of society. None are more truly interested, did they know their own duty and policy, in seeing the community properly amused than the organized friends of morality and piety. They ought to know that Nature avenges herself sooner or later, and better sooner than later, for the violation of the laws of physical and moral health; and that the suppression of the sportive, careless, and pleasure-craving propensities or aptitudes of our nature involve an inevitable derangement and sure decay of the higher organs and faculties. Instead, therefore, of inter-

fering with business, duty, sobriety, piety—with scholarship, economy, virtue, and reverence, amusement, viewed merely as a principle, advances and supports them all. The intellect that plays a part of every day, works more powerfully and to better results for the rest of the time; the heart that is gay for an hour, is more serious for the other hours of the day; the will that rests, is more vigorous than the will that is always strained."

No man undertakes to disprove the wholesomeness of this theory, yet in active life nearly all Americans ignore it—defy it, indeed, individually and collectively, notwithstanding their devotion to theoretic democracy; defy it in cliques, denominational, financial, or political, forgetting or despising that sound philosophy to which honest-hearted, generous-natured Charles Lamb called attention when he said: "Heat and cold, dryness and moisture in the natural world do not fly asunder to split the globe into sectarian parts and separations, but mingling as best they may correct the malignity of any single predominance."

If a merchant or manufacturer should go out into the fields, take off his coat and play ball, he would be more likely to lose credit by it than if it were known that he had given a splendid party, to meet the extra expense of which he was obliged to suffer a sore shave on good notes. Indeed, any man not an artist or an author—men who are not expected to understand business, who are practically Bohemians, if not vagabonds—any man in business who occasionally seeks recreation in the forest with his dog and gun, or along some lonely stream with a rod and line, is as likely to depreciate among solid men who can give "accommodations," as the bank cashier who five years ago dared to wear his beard. If the occasional sportsman is a merchant he is sure to be reported to some commercial agency as of doubtful character, uncertain solvency, and yet opposed to the instructions of the commercial spy on the best of medical authority; the highest poetic record, and the most valuable moral enforcement.

Take a practical view of this question. There is a common inquiry in commercial circles which has direct reference to the topic I discuss: *Does it pay?*

In the year 1837 American enterprise met sad check. For twenty years thereafter the American people, heedless of fair warning, reckless of health, if not of morals, made haste to make money. Their amusements were fast dinners, fast talking, expensive and tedious parties, big houses, big wardrobes, and watering places. For such service in business and in pleasure they have been rewarded with consumption, dyspepsia,

and suicide—with domestic inquiet, mean gossip, or dirty scandal. Yet, notwithstanding intense absorption for financial influence and importance, in 1857 bankruptcies were so common that a newspaper, which had been publishing weekly a list of failures, proposed, for the purpose of economizing type, to print the names of those whose credit remained good.

Now, in soberness and sadness, I ask, might not wise recreation have been taken without detriment to finance? Might it not have checked the reckless spirit which led to over-trading over-showing, over-risking? The stimulants which warmed hearts by way of the stomach, during twenty years of servitude for mammon, cost more than healthful pastimes or lively amusements. The time spent in hollow display, devoted to freshening divertisement, would have saved many a brain from madness, many a soul from debasement.

It is a divine maxim that men can not serve God and mammon. Love of either is at variance with affection for the other. Devotion to mammon, growing more and more exacting, forbids all intellectual and all emotional delight, and finally, when uncounted possessions are at its votary's command, denies to him even faith in his success.

Not many years ago the then richest man in Ohio wandered through the streets of Cincinnati, beseeching the benevolent to

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man."

A remarkable example of the penalty of too exclusive absorption in pursuit of wealth is afforded in the history of an Englishman named Morrison. He went to London a poor boy. Shrewdly watching and working, he prospered rapidly. He died worth twenty million dollars, but for several years before his death feared want. He worked for one of his tenants at twelve shillings a week, and for eighteen months had been a regular applicant for relief to the parish, receiving twice a week with the town paupers two shillings and a penny loaf.

The pocket is jealous of the heart and the brain, but it is often in league with the stomach, and whenever it is, its victim is a miserly starving, or in groveling thralldom finds the source of its highest joy just where lies the source of the education which certain domestic animals are capable of receiving. The common excuse for abuse of mind, and morals, and muscles in fierce devotion to business by Americans is want of time. It is a miserable sham. The hollow pretense ought to be thoroughly exposed. Fanaticism is accountable for it—fanaticism concerning pride and power in financial success, or enjoyment in luxury of dress, or drink, or food—wasting,

ervating indulgence, for self, for family, or for fashionable friends—indulgence which in itself forbids relief from care to American women. Dress and dinner deny them out-of-door exercise, and the whole current of national life is weakened.

It is vulgar to be robust—polite to be delicate; vulgar to take long, vigorous walks; O, how vulgar to run, even in play at a picnic—refined to be so fatigued with the slightest muscular exercise—except in a ball-room—vulgar to climb hills or run swiftly down them—polite to take one's ease in a chair or in a carriage and be lifted out. The Lord bless all such vulgarity, and shower thick curses on all such politeness! That is the prayer every true admirer of normal women is tempted to utter, but the prayers are needless. The Lord is just!

Our education even in public schools and in private parlors sustains the wrong of which I complain. In the public school, whose influence penetrates all our families, boys and girls are so exclusively occupied with recitations that, notwithstanding Saturday, if they know their numerous lessons well, they have too little opportunity to be glad, to have fun in healthful sports and manly out-of-door exercise. The result is seeming accomplishment, but really want of substantial learning, substantial muscles, substantial nerves; consequently, "Young America" is lean and ill-tempered, eager, restless, and short-lived.

Sadness, sourness, and leanness are allies; laughter and leanness are antagonists. Cumbersome corporations are not desirable for individuals or for domestic communities, nor is laughter which is without fitness, but more of both fun and flesh would be advantageous to "Young Americans;" and while seeking one they may find the other, and, perhaps, if wisely watched and guarded, be kept away from excitements which waste and revels which debase. For our own good and for the good of our children we might repeat often one of John Ruskin's well-expressed paragraphs thus: "Wise men keep one side of their life for play and another for work, and can be brilliant and chattering, and transparent when they are at ease, and yet take deep counsel on the other side when they set themselves to their main purpose."

Many parents and teachers forget, I fear, that they were once boys or girls. Sometimes I think that men and women whom I know never were children, at least in spirit; and while awed by their unruffled dignity and gravity, or depressed by their studied decorum, I am tempted to quote one of Lord Bolingbroke's sarcasms. He said: "I have observed that in comedy the best actor plays the part of the droll while some scrub

rogue is made the hero or fine gentleman. So in this farce of life wise men pass their time in mirth while fools only are serious."

The American people, by virtue of wholesome restraints as well as by virtue of wisely-ordained civil and political rewards, must be *en masse* a working people. Every citizen who would win permanent respect seeks honorable employment. All ought to be diligent in their varied occupations, but they need neither be sick, sad, nor mad on account of work. They can be merry, gay, grateful, social, and at the same time prosper in business, be good scholars, good citizens, good parents. They have a government subject to their interests; they have a bountiful land, bountiful in beauty and fruitfulness; they have free education, independent religion, and they may have not only stated thanksgivings in November, holidays in December, and fireworks in July, but they ought to have thanksgiving and praise for body and mind every day of every month.

If we seek unassuming geniality at our own and at our neighbor's firesides, and healthful sport in our own or in our neighbor's fields and forests, if we devote now and then an afternoon to music, or poetry, or painting, or now and then an evening to parlor-reading or to popular lectures, neither ignorance nor poverty, as too many seem to fear, will be our reward, but correct taste, fair forms, glad hearts, sound lungs, and calm brains; these are national wants as well as individual necessities, physical, moral, and intellectual.

Let us not, then, suffer ourselves to become dull with work nor wanton with play, but let us so interchange labor and recreation that we shall find delight in work and service in play, making the latter not less imperative for mental and moral improvement than we make the former for business advancement or for professional or political promotion.

## THE SCRIPTURES.

THE Scriptures contain independently of a divine origin more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, purer morality, more important history, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence than could be collected within the same compass from all other books that were ever composed in any age or in any idiom. The two parts of which the Scriptures consist are connected by a peculiar chain of compositions. Their antiquity no man doubts, and the unrestrained application of them to events long subsequent to their publication is a solid ground of belief that they were genuine predictions and consequently inspired.



## JESUIT MISSIONS IN PARAGUAY.

BY REV. D. D. LORE.

THIS subject has been introduced again to the public in a book recently published by Harper & Brothers, entitled, "La Plata: The Argentine Confederation and Paraguay," by Thomas J. Page, U. S. N. In 1853 Lieutenant Page was appointed by the United States Government to the command of the *Water Witch*, a small steamer, and sent on an exploring expedition to the Rio de la Plata and its tributaries. The expedition has become famous because of the warlike one growing out of it recently sent against Paraguay, which, we must say, was one of the silliest humbugs a Government was ever guilty of. This book purports to be a narrative of the exploration, but is, in fact, an *olla podrida* of diplomatic chicanery—Spanish history, scientific discovery, and defense of the Jesuits. Whatever claims the Lieutenant may have established as a naval officer or scientific discoverer, he must try again at book-making before he can be promoted as a writer.

We wish to notice briefly his chapters on the Jesuits and their missions in Paraguay. There are four chapters on this subject, comprising nearly one hundred pages. The general character of the sketch is that of a special plea in favor of "the fathers." And in this respect it is in keeping with nearly all the official reports and books by American army or naval officers. Wherever they are brought into contact with Romanism they take occasion to show their disregard of Protestantism by eulogizing or apologizing for this mother of abominations.

Lieutenant Page pleads the cause of the Jesuits, yet, for want of skill as a writer to conceal or boldness to reject stubborn historical facts, he greatly mars his work. He finds fault with his authorities, and places very little confidence in them, though exclusively Romanists and Jesuits. These ugly facts will obtrude, preventing him from making a harmonious history. What a shame that ugly facts spoil a eulogy on the Jesuits by an officer in the American navy!

The author in the commencement of his sketch, on page 466, tells us "Pascal, Pombal, Choiseul, Aranda, Louis XV, Madame de Pompadour, Charles III, and the like may have applied all the asperities of their respective languages to depreciate the Jesuit influence, but on this side of the Atlantic *their work was holy*," and in support of which affirmation he quotes Montesquieu and Voltaire. The Lieutenant, indeed, may be a *lay brother* himself. The following sentence, found on page 467, strongly indicates education in that school: "Then let

the means serve the end; and, though the fathers may at times be found erring from a path strictly scrupulous, let it be borne in mind that it is for purposes not unworthy of good men." We knew this to be the morality of Romanism, "the end justifies the means;" but we should regret exceedingly that it should become the morality of the American navy.

And what are some of the errors of the fathers by which they accomplished their "holy work on this side of the Atlantic." The Lieutenant says: "These fathers are supposed to have facilitated their labors by a pious fraud. The Jesuits taught that St. Thomas had landed on the coast of Brazil, journeyed throughout the vast country of the Guarani race, preaching, cross in hand, Christianizing savages and training wild beasts; then that he traversed the grassy deserts of the grand Chaco, and finally crossed the Andes into Peru, when he must have descended like the setting sun into the Pacific, as we hear of him no farther. There was still another mystery connected with this mission of the apostle. It was taught and believed that the cross he bore had been hidden by some unconverted Indians in a lake near Chiquisaca and there found by a Padre Sarmiento." Teaching these downright lies was, according to the Lieutenant, a holy work on this side of the Atlantic, and fully justified by the end. Sailors have a saying that moral obligations do not cross the line; our author is a naval officer, and this or that side of the Atlantic may make with him considerable difference.

Again, on page 472, he says: "It may be noticed at this point that intrigue and cunning are words familiarly and unhesitatingly associated with the Jesuits; but nothing is hazarded in saying that in their labors among the La Plata savages an energy, piety, zeal, and perseverance worthy of the best cause are eminently conspicuous." Of their political relations our author affirms: "It was false to imagine that these reductions—that is, mission establishments—would not prove loyal to Spain; it was short-sighted, indeed, not to perceive that Jesuit influence in this, its legitimate missionary sphere, more powerful and more stable in itself than all the arms of the mother country could have made it, was the proper instrument to permanently secure the extension of the boundaries of New Spain." (Page 477.) It was surely a great pity that the Spanish Government did not perceive this, and that the word Jesuit about this time should have become synonymous with *rebel* in every court of Europe. Lieutenant Page, however, though late, has corrected history on this point—how effectually time must determine.

The following pathetic paragraph upon the

persecutions and devastations of the missions by the Paulistas is worthy of note: "What fortunate traveler will be the first to find his way into this old province of Guayra, and, descending in his canoe the almost fabled river of Paranapané, gaze upon those interesting ruins which tell of a civilization due to the sacrifices and Christian devotion of Jesuit missionaries? Or, perhaps, time may have effaced every lingering vestige. It is sad that the servants of God should have met with such rewards, and a foul blot to Spain and Portugal to have permitted the inhuman depredations here practiced. An industrious and peaceful population was in a moment of time swept from the land. It has been estimated by several good authorities that no less than sixty thousand Indians were sold in the public square of Rio Janeiro between the years 1628 and 1630, the period of this succession of invasions, and it was not the savage Indian that suffered thus, but men who had received the light of the Gospel and come within the pale of Christianity." (Page 479.) Thank Lieutenant Page for this honest outburst against slavery and the slave-trade. We hope that the morality of it is not determined by its locality, whether north or south of the line.

On the subject of their expulsion our author says: "Their removal was neither wise nor politic. . . . In driving them from the missions of Chiquitos, of the Parana, of the Uruguay and all others, we perceive an inconsiderate, uncharitable, unchristian aim at their complete extinction almost without a purpose. The aged Pope Clement designated the order as useful, pious, and holy, and these three qualities were to be found in the missionary reductions of South America, however wanting elsewhere." (Page 549.) In the very act of expulsion he finds the praiseworthy virtue of loyal obedience. "Nor are we inclined to suppose that the meshes of Bucaielé were so well laid as to have forced upon them the alternative of tame submission. The Jesuits were not out-Jesuited and checkmated at last; they had all the prudence, the foresight, and sagacity, and natural means that they ever had, and, more, a large and considerable force to sustain the power that had so long continued in their grasp. No *coup de main* or diplomatic trickery on the part of the viceroy brought them to the humble terms under which they yielded up their persons and their goods. We conceive their whole conduct to have been governed by a sense of simple obedience to a decree of the Spanish monarch, and we must with justice incline to their cause and sympathize in their misfortunes. From the outset we discover no evidence of a contrary movement.

In their whole history we meet with scarcely a disloyal act, though we trace their course through a succession of popular commotions and revolts among a wildly-scheming and adventurous people. Often had they taken up arms in the service of the king, never against him, and it may be safely added that by no other people, order, or body of men were Spanish interests ever so advanced on the American continent." (Page 548.) These extracts are sufficient to indicate the heartiness and thoroughness with which Lieutenant Page defends the Jesuit fathers and their holy work against all calumniators past or present.

That the Jesuits were wonderfully successful in extending their influence over the Indian tribes of Paraguay is undeniable, but that they obtained or maintained this influence by "holy" or Christian means is very questionable. In their view the end justified the means, and the fathers were unscrupulous as to the means; fraud or force, truth or lies, heavenly or earthly promises were all sanctified in their hands in accomplishing their "holy work on this side the Atlantic." And these things come to light even under the guardianship of Lieutenant Page. We have already quoted the admitted pious fraud in reference to the apostle St. Thomas. He thus describes the establishment of the mission of St. Joachim: "Wishing to establish a mission among this branch of the Guarini family, the fathers first sent them by Indians of their own reductions offerings of some trifling value pleasing to Indian fancy. This preliminary treating was repeated several times before taking more decisive steps. These gifts they were told came from a Jesuit who loved them much and was desirous of living among them; that if so permitted the father would bestow upon them things of far greater price, *that they might live without labor*. He would bring them cattle, iron, and every useful article; he would build them houses, give them clothing, attend to the sick, and extend to the whole people every care. Such conditions were tempting; they flattered too much the natural indolence of the Guarini to be disregarded. . . . Thus an entrance was effected." Provisions must be abundant, for to satisfy the palate was indispensable in view of successfully administering healthful spiritual food. He who was fed the best was generally the most speedily converted to the true faith and made the best Christian—at least in the way of telling beads and in submitting to Jesuit authority. He who was neglected in this respect preferred aboriginal independence and subsistence obtained by his bow and arrow. Hence the flocks and fields required the same constant

watchfulness as those of the Church. Says Dobrizhoffer\* quaintly, "If, according to St. Paul, among other natives faith enters by the ear, with the savages of Paraguay it can only be thrust in by the mouth." (Page 497.)

Another method is thus given: "The Mbayas, a warlike tribe, discovered no charms in the mission community life. The fathers' eloquence had no power over them. The Caciques were unwilling to share with others their authority over the people. But the Jesuits were not to be out-Jesuited in their holy work. So, under the plea of concluding a treaty with the Chiquibos, among whom there was at this time numerous missions, the fierce chiefs—Mbayas—opposed to the cause of the Church were enticed beyond the confines of their territories. The most cordial reception awaited them on the part of the reduction Indians. Numbers of friendly allies flocked to greet them; bands of music were in continuous attendance, and every kind of native amusement or festivity was called into requisition that the welcome might admit of no distrust. *Thus the snares were well laid.* The unsuspecting chiefs manifested unbounded gratification, while the secret plans of the Jesuits for securing their person were being brought to maturity. Suddenly in the night, and at the sound of a bell, their universal signal, the Mbaya Caciques were attacked, bound hand and foot, thrown into prison and not released till the final expulsion of the order"—some seven years after. (Page 498.) Thus was the mission in Belen founded. Holy work, all for the glory of God!

We find another secret of their success in the imposing ceremonies gotten up to captivate the untutored savage. On page 502 we find this description: "Fond of music and the dance, given to martial display, gay and lively in disposition as were the Guarini, it is not astonishing that the *fêtes* of the Church should have been events in the Paraguay reductions, celebrated by long and dazzling processions, and by the rejoicings of the whole people. That of the *sacrament* appears to have eclipsed all others. The zoölogy and the botany of these fruitful regions of creation were represented on such occasions. The matting which covered the way was strewn with evergreens; arches were erected at short distances apart; not decked with banners and devices, but green branches; tropical plants and superb flowers enriched the atmosphere with their fragrance; attached to these were birds of every kind and color with sufficient scope allowed them to fly free in the air. 'Nature appeared, if I may so speak,' says Charlevoix, by way of a

*résumé*, 'all life and soul upon the occasion.' To render the pageant more imposing they assembled wild beasts from the forests and fishes from the neighboring rivers. Lions and tigers were chained at different points, and huge vases of piscatory specimens added to the general enlivenment," etc.

We can not wonder at the influence exerted over the minds of savages by such displays as this. Such a religion undoubtedly had its charms. And a part taken in these performances being all that was required, according to the holy teaching of the fathers, to make them Christians, they were made by thousands and tens of thousands. To pious fraud, physical force, false promises, dazzling display, and imposing ceremonies, we may add, on the part of the Indians, the fear of slavery from the Paulistas and of oppression from the Spaniards, protection against both of which were promised and furnished by the Jesuits, and we have the whole secret of their success. The modicum of Christianity was small indeed. That their influence over the natives was beneficial to a great extent we cheerfully admit, but that their establishments were Christian missions in the proper sense thereof we utterly deny. The principles upon which they were founded, the means by which they were sustained, and the fruits produced by them, all prove that whatever else they were, they were not Christian missions.

In connection with the brief review of Lieutenant Page's book, we will give a succinct history of the Jesuits in South America, where they have acted so conspicuous a part in political as well as ecclesiastical affairs.

The first Jesuits entered the viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres in 1586 in the province of Salta. Soon after others arrived at Cordova, which city became the center of their vast operations. In 1588 two Jesuit missionaries penetrated into the Guarani country, and after two months' travel and labor they returned to Asuncion, Paraguay, and reported that they had left behind them *two hundred thousand* converts ready for the rite of baptism. In 1595 a college of Jesuits was established at Asuncion. This was their first seat of learning in this country, and was approbated by the greatest enthusiasm on the part of the inhabitants, the Spaniards of rank, men and women, being ambitious to perform manual labor in its erection. The Jesuits were in great favor, having unbounded influence over both colonists and natives.

In 1602 the general of the Jesuits recommended to the South American missionaries to form fixed settlements of their converts instead of pursuing them as wandering tribes through the

\* A Jesuit missionary.



deserts. It is a disputed point whether the credit of originating settled communities of Indians, even in Paraguay, belongs to the Jesuit fathers. Senor Azara disputes it, and his account of the missions is one of the earliest written. He wrote also from personal observation, being in the country. It is very certain that the similar establishments found in Mexico, and which have been credited to the Romish Church, existed long before the Spaniards conquered that country.

In 1609 father Diego de Tonz, who had just arrived from Rome with a recruit of fifteen Jesuit priests, obtained from the Governor of Paraguay full power to collect their converts into townships and govern them independently in the King's name. He immediately dispatched two fathers, Cataldino and Mazeta, into the Guarani country, and formed the first mission town under the name of Loretto. It is said that these missionaries made a tour of about two hundred and forty miles, in which they found twenty-three small villages already existing, many of the inhabitants of which were already Christians. These they persuaded to unite in a general community at Loretto. Here was the commencement of those vast Jesuitical establishments in the wilds of South America, among hordes of wilder savages, which have been the subjects of so much political and religious discussion.

This effort, under the sanction of the provincial government, was so wonderfully successful; their settlements increased in number and population so rapidly that the Jesuits soon conceived the idea of establishing a Christian republic, which should embrace the whole southern continent. Accordingly they made application to the King himself for authority to establish an independent government, promising that their Indians should acknowledge directly the King of Spain for their sovereign. Philip III approved of their proposal, and issued receipts of authority, which were confirmed by his successors. The Jesuits pleaded that the Christian religion was rendered odious to the Indians, and the dominion of Spain was detested by them because of the licentious behavior of the Spaniards; and that, before they could undertake to convert the Indians to the faith of Christ, it was necessary to give them authority by which they might secure all their proselytes, both from the exercise of the tyranny and from the influence of the example of the Europeans. Whatever the design covered by this plea may have been, the truth of its statement has been verified in connection with every mission from that day to this. The influence of nominal Christians has been an injury to the cause of Christ.

In 1615 there were one hundred and nineteen Jesuits in the province, and in the following

year the number was largely increased by another reinforcement from Europe. In the mean time their missions and populations had greatly multiplied.

This increase has been attributed by some writers in a great degree to the influence of terror upon the minds of the Indians, inducing them to seek the protection of the missions against their Spanish oppressors and Paulista invaders. A brief notice of these Paulistas will be in place in this sketch. They were Portuguese, banished from Portugal for their crimes, or persons escaped from the persecutions of the Inquisition for heretical opinions. They founded, far up among the mountains of St. Vincent, a province in Brazil, remote from jurisdiction and civilization, a town called St. Paul. Hence their name, Paulistas. They were also called Mamalukes. It became the center of a most vicious banditti. They intermarried with the Indian women, and led a most dissolute and savage life. They threw off all allegiance to Portugal and declared their independence. They lived by robbery, carrying desolation in their excursions even to the confines of Peru. A principal object with them was the capture of slaves. These people were a great terror to the Indian tribes, and the Jesuits promised them protection against their depredations on condition that they joined their communities. And in time they made their promise good. There can be no doubt that this influenced large numbers to join the missions. It has been calculated that these Paulistas destroyed some *two millions* of the native inhabitants of these countries.

To protect themselves against these enemies was the just plea of the Jesuits, for the privilege of putting into the hands of their neophytes European weapons of war; and, notwithstanding the extreme jealousy of the Spanish-American authorities against it, in 1639 the privilege was granted. Under the instructions of some lay brothers of the society they soon presented a military character equal to their circumstances, and became in their turn a most formidable power. The Paulistas were soon taught to avoid contact with a Jesuit mission. After being thus trained and armed they were frequently called upon by the Spanish governors to aid in difficult and distant enterprises. But they were always led by the Jesuits. Here was the beginning of their political importance.

In 1642 their towns or townships in the two provinces of Parana and Uruguay numbered *twenty-nine*, and the form of their government had attained a perfection which was the enemy of every other in Spanish America. Schools were established in every town for teaching read-

ing, writing, music, and dancing, and the Indians were found apt scholars in every thing they undertook. Latin was taught in some instances, but the Spanish language was entirely interdicted, to prevent, it is supposed, intercourse with the Spaniards as much as possible. In every town, also, there were workshops, under the direction of the priests, for carpenters, painters, sculptors, gilders, locksmiths, silversmiths, watch-makers, etc., including indeed almost every mechanical branch of industry. It is said they manifested no talent for invention, but possessed in a superior degree that of imitation. Upon bare inspection they would imitate the most-admired organs, astronomical instruments, Turkey carpets, and other curious manufactures.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

#### WOMEN ARTISTS OF THE EARLIER PERIOD.\*

EDITORIAL.

A MODERN writer says that "man has not grudged woman the wreath of literary fame. No history of literature shows a period when her influence was not apparent and when literary honors were not awarded to her." In the realm of art she may not shine with so bright a luster, yet art as well as literature is indebted to her genius. Unconsciously she has been the inspiration of art. Not only does her native grace and beauty present the models which it is the artist's highest merit to copy, but as the type of the ornamental in life she has in all ages been the source of his inspiration.

We know little of the practice of the arts by women in ancient times. Her degraded condition rendered devotion to art impossible. Yet even then artistic ideas were not wanting. They showed themselves in the beautiful designs and colors of the webs they wove and the ornaments they wore. Among the Greeks the presiding deities of the gentle arts were represented to popular apprehension in female form, thus recognizing the influence the sex had in all ages exerted over the beautiful in art.

Several names of female artists have come down to us from the age of Alexander the Great and his successors in empire. One belonging to this age was Helena, who is said to have painted for one of the Ptolomies the scene of a battle in which Alexander vanquished Darius, a picture which is thought to have been the original of a famous mosaic found in Pompeii. Among women celebrated in Grecian art we hear also of

Kallo, one of whose pictures, presented in the temple of Venus, was declared the perfection of art, and the fair painter celebrated by the muse as being no less beautiful than her own work; of Cirene, whose painting of Proserpina was preserved; of Aristarite, the author of a picture of Esculapius; of Calypso, whose portraits of Theodorus, the juggler, and a dancer named Acisthenes, were greatly celebrated, and to whom has been ascribed the authorship of a celebrated picture transferred from the ruins of Pompeii to Naples, and now called "A Mother Superintending her Daughter's Toilet;" and of Anaxandra, enjoying munificent royal patronage on account of her skill in art. A few other names might be added to this catalogue, but these are sufficient to show that woman had to do with Grecian art. And any one will cease to wonder at the few names that have come down to us when they remember how few of the other sex have been preserved in history.

The Romans in the palmy days of the empire were a nation of soldiers, and ruled the world. But the elegant arts were not at home there as in their Hellenic birthplace. Heroic women they had; but in the domain of the fine arts one only stands out irradiated with the halo that encircles genius. And even she was of Greek origin and education. We refer to Laya, who exercised her skill in Rome a hundred years before Christ. She was a pioneer in a department of art just now, after the lapse of nearly two thousand years, passing into disuse. We refer to miniature painting. Laya excelled in her miniatures, especially those upon ivory. She surpassed all others in the rapidity of her execution, and in her age was placed by the side of the most distinguished painters. Pliny makes honorable mention of her, says that her life was devoted to art, and that she was never married. A large picture in Naples is said to be the only production of hers that remains.

The arts were destined to higher development under the mild sway of the Christian religion than in the school of classical antiquity. Woman, gradually rising above the condition of slavery, began to preside over the elements that formed the poetry of life.

Germany has the honor of producing the first female sculptor of whom any thing is known—Sabina von Steinbach, the daughter of Erwin von Steinbach, who in that wonderful work, the cathedral of Strasburg, has reared so glorious a monument to his memory. The task of ornamenting this noble building was in great part intrusted to the young girl, whose genius had already exhibited itself in modeling. Her sculptured groups, and especially those on the portal

\* Women Artists in all Ages and Countries, by Mrs. Elliot. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. 377 pp.

of the southern aisle, are of remarkable beauty, and have been admired by visitors during the lapse of ages. Here are allegorical figures representing the Christian Church and Judaism; the first of lofty bearing and winning grace, with crowned heads, bearing the cross in their right hands, and in their left the consecrated host. The other figures stand with eyes downcast and drooping head; in the right hand a broken arrow, in the left the shattered tablets of the Mosaic Law. Besides many other groups are four bas-reliefs representing the glorification of the Virgin; her death and burial on one side, and on the other her entrance into heaven and triumphal coronation. It may well be said that in these works are embodied the ideal and supernatural elements that pervade the sculpture of the Middle Ages; and it seemed most appropriate that the taste and skill of woman should develop in such elements the purity and depth of feeling which impart a charm to these sculptures acknowledged by every beholder.

In the fifteenth century the decline of chivalry, that "poetical lie," as Rahel terms it, operated unfavorably to the development of woman. But among the few artists of that age mention may be made of Margareta von Eyck. She was the sister of Hubert and John von Eyck, who were distinguished not only for enlarged apprehensions of art, but for the discovery and introduction of oil-painting. While these men were, by their works, preparing the way for an important revolution in the method of painting, Margareta occupied herself chiefly in painting miniatures. She worked under the patronage of the magnificent and liberal court of Burgundy, and her fame extended even to the countries of the romantic south. It is an interesting sight, this modest woman-work, beside the more important enterprises of the gifted brothers, making itself appreciated so as to furnish an example for all time. One of the earliest historians of Flemish art, Carl von Mander, calls her a "gifted Minerva," and informs us that she spurned the acquaintance of "Hymen and Lucina," and lived out her days in single blessedness.

Caterina Vigri, of Italy, also belongs to this period. Educated in the most exalted mysticism, she was the founder of the convent of "Corpo di Cristo," which is yet in existence, and shelters the grave of Caterina, as well as many of her works. She poured into these all her religious enthusiasm. In 1712, just three centuries after her birth, the Catholic Church inscribed her name in the second category of saints, with the title of "Beata," in virtue of which she is honored to this day as the patron saint of the fine arts. Tradition relates a story of one of her paintings on wood—

an infant Jesus—having the power to heal diseases in those who touched the lips of the picture.

Beside this saintly personage stands one who joined the prowess of the soldier to the genius of the painter. Onorata Rodiana was born at Castelleone in Cremona, in the early part of the fifteenth century, and, while yet young, obtained so high a reputation as a painter that the Marquis Gabrino Fondolo, the tyrant of Cremona, appointed her to the task of decorating his palace. The maiden, in the prime of her youth and beauty, was engaged in this work when an accidental occurrence changed the whole course of her life. A courtier of libertine character, who chanced to see her occupied in painting the walls of a room in the palace, entered, and dared to offer an insulting freedom. The young artist repulsed him; but, unable to escape his violence without a desperate struggle, the spirited girl at length drew a dagger and stabbed him to the heart. She then rushed from the palace, disguised herself in man's clothes, and quitted the city, declaring that she would rather die in obscure exile than accept a luxurious home as the price of dishonor. The Marquis Gabrino was at first furious at her escape, and commanded a hot pursuit by his soldiers; but soon afterward relenting, he proclaimed her full pardon, and summoned her to return and complete her labors, which no one else could finish. Onorata, however, had, in the mean while, learned the warrior's business in Oldrado Lampugnano's band of Condottieri, and her spirit and courage soon elevated her to a post of command. She loved the soldier's life, and continued in it, painting the while, for thirty years. When her native town, Castelleone, was besieged by the Venetians, she hastened with her company to its relief. Victory crowned her in the contest, but she fell mortally wounded. She died in 1472, perhaps the only example the world's history affords of a woman who wielded at the same time the pencil and the sword.

The sixteenth century is rendered illustrious in literature and in art. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Da Vinci, Titian, and others produced those works, which were the wonder of their own age, and have become monuments for the admiration of succeeding generations. In all the schools of art in this period woman distinguished herself.

First worthy of mention is Properzia di Rossi, a maiden of remarkable beauty of person, and possessed of all the graces a finished education could graft upon a refined nature. She was endowed with a peculiar facility in realizing the creations of fancy, and took at first a strange



way of doing so. She undertook the minute carving of peach-stones, and succeeded so well as to render credible what had been recorded of two sculptors of antiquity. Mirmecide is said to have carved a chariot drawn by four horses, with a charioteer, so small that a fly with its wings spread covered the whole. Callierate sculptured ants with the minutest exactness. Properzia carved on a peach-stone the crucifixion of our Savior; a work comprising a number of figures—executioners, disciples, women, and soldiers—wonderful for the delicate execution of the minutest figures, and the admirable distribution of all.

Other works of a similar character were executed by her, some of which are still extant. In the cabinet of gems in the gallery of Florence is preserved a cherry-stone on which is carved a chorus of saints in which seventy heads may be counted.

It was not long before Properzia began to think, with those who witnessed her success, that it was a pity to throw away so much labor on a nut! At that time the *façade* of San Petronio, in Bologna, was being ornamented with sculpture and bas-relief. The young girl had studied drawing under Antonio Raimondi, and when the three doors of the principal *façade* were to be decorated with marble figures she made application to the superintendents for a share in the works. She was required to furnish a specimen of her talent. The young sculptress executed a bust from life, in the finest marble, of Count Alessandro de' Pepoli; this pleased the family and the whole city, and procured immediate orders from the superintendents.

The one of her productions which has become most celebrated is a bas-relief, in white marble, of Potiphar's wife seeking to detain Joseph by holding his garment. The perfection of the drawing, the grace of the action, and the emotion that breathes from the whole face and form, obtained high praise for this performance. Vasari calls it "a lovely picture, sculptured with womanly grace, and more than admirable." But envy took occasion to make this monument of Properzia's genius a reproach to her memory. It was reported that she was profoundly in love with a young nobleman, Anton Galeazzo Malvasia, who cared little for her; and that she depicted her own unhappy passion in the beautiful creation of her chisel. It was probably true that her life was imbibed by this unreturned love. Professional jealousy aided in the attempt to depress the pining artist. Amico Albertini, with several men artists, commenced a crusade against her, and slandered her to the superintendents with such effect that the wardens refused to pay the proper price for her labors on the *façade*. Even

her alto-relief was not allowed to have its appointed place. Properzia had no heart to contend against this unmanly persecution; she never attempted any other work for the building, and the grief to which she was abandoned gradually sapped the springs of life.

Still, in spite of all opposition and detraction, the fame of her noble genius spread throughout Italy; and Pope Clement VII, having come to Bologna to officiate at the coronation of the Emperor Charles V, inquired for the fair sculptress of whom he had heard such marvelous things. Alas! she had died that very week—on the 14th of February, 1530—and her remains had been buried, according to her last request, in the Hospital della Morte. She was lamented by her fellow-citizens, who held her to have been one of the greatest miracles of nature. But what availed posthumous praises to the victim of injustice and calumny?

During this period also Isabella Mazzoni acquired distinction as a sculptor, Maria Calavrese as a fresco-painter, Plantilla Nelli and Teodora Danti as painters, and Mare Raimondi and Diana Ghisi as engravers. Irene di Spilimberg was of a noble and illustrious family, originally of German origin. She exercised her art at its most flourishing period. She was educated in Venice, surrounded by all the luxury of external and intellectual life, and she had Titian for her master. Her fame, however, rests rather on the testimony of her cotemporaries than on her own works. Titian, ever alive to female loveliness and artistic merit, has immortalized her by a beautiful portrait; and Tasso has celebrated her charms in one of his sonnets. She died in the opening of her blossom of fame, in the flush of youth and beauty, having scarcely attained the age of nineteen. Her death was deplored in poems and orations, a collection of which was published in Venice twenty years after the event, to set forth the splendid promise which the destroyer had thus untimely nipped. Some of her works are still extant and fully justify her fame.

But perhaps the most interesting female artist of this age was the celebrated daughter of the great painter Tintoretto. Marietta had a lively disposition and great enthusiasm; she was very beautiful in person, had a fine voice, and was an accomplished performer on the lute and other instruments. It is no wonder that she was the object of her father's pride and affections. She accompanied him every-where, dressed as a boy; and he developed her genius for art less by precept than by the living example of his own labor. His pictures nourished and fertilized her imagination, and, step by step, she followed him faithfully. Whether he labored at his models or studied the antique

statues, or casts from Michael Angelo, the coloring of Titian, or the nude figure, she was by his side. She noted his first sketch in the feverish moment of creation, and watched the progress of its execution. His marvelous freedom in handling the brush, his strength and precision in drawing and richness of coloring became hers. She learned his secret of giving proportion and unity to many figures and the difficult art of foreshortening; then, after copying his pictures, she could say, "I, too, am an artist." She chose the kind of painting suited to her sex. Historical pieces demanded too much study and application, and it was wearying to design nude figures in imitation of the antique. Portrait painting was easier, and promised more immediate results.

Her first portrait was that of Marco dei Vescevi. It was greatly admired, particularly the beard, and some ventured to say she had equaled her father. Ere long she became famous, and it was all the rage among the Venetian aristocracy to be painted by Marietta. Her father was in raptures at her astonishing progress and success. Jacopo Strada, antiquarian to the Emperor Maximilian, had his portrait taken by her, and gave it as a curiosity to his imperial master. This and one she painted of herself gained her a great reputation. The emperor placed them in his chamber, and invited her to be the artist of his court. The same proposition was made to her by Philip II of Spain and the Archduke Ferdinand. She was a dutiful daughter and obeyed the wishes of Tintoretto, who refused to part with her, even that she might grace a court. To secure her against the acceptance of such alluring offers he bestowed her hand on Mario Augusti, a wealthy German jeweler, on the condition that she should remain under the paternal roof. She completed several original designs and painted many portraits. Her exquisite taste, her soft and gentle touch, and her skill in coloring were remarkable, both in works of her own invention and those due to her father's genius.

Tintoretto was not destined long to rejoice in the progress of his lovely daughter. In the flower of her age, in 1590, she departed this life, leaving her husband and father mourners for the rest of their days.

With this beautiful woman we must close our notice of women artists of the earlier period. Those of the later period will form the topic of another paper.

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RECEIVE kind attentions with that evident gratitude and pleasure which encourages their continuance.

## BETTY MILLS'S GRAND MATCH.

BY L. L. L.

JOHN HUNTER was the son of a prominent citizen of New York who traced his ancestry back into old England a hundred years or more. He had early graduated at Harvard, gone the rounds of a European tour, and returned to marry a high-born girl. With his bride he traveled through the United States, and, becoming enraptured with the beauty of the west, he bought large tracts of land in a western state, thus fastening himself there, entirely ignorant of the hardships to be endured in a new country. His wife sickened and died, leaving him alone in his new home when they had been there but a few months. He mourned her deeply, for she was the idol of his youth, and, as a relief from his corroding sorrow, he plunged into active life and speculated wildly in real estate. Leaving the frontier town in which he had erected his house, he visited his several purchases in the interior of the state, following the trail of the Indian through unbroken forests and often sharing a corner of a wigwam for the night. In one of these excursions he lost his way and stopped at a small log-cabin to inquire, but as the old lady at the door was giving directions how to regain his lost road he looked beyond her into the house, attracted by the beauty of a young girl who stood in front of the large fireplace with one hand raised to the high mantle-shelf, and the sleeve falling back displayed the perfect beauty of the rounded arm. Her large eye was radiant with mischief, and, in spite of all her efforts, her lips twitched into dimpled smiles as she noticed the inattention of the traveler to her mother's directions, who three times had repeated them to deaf ears. As Mr. Hunter noticed the deepening mirth of the young girl it flashed upon his mind that the witch was laughing at him, and, mentally determining to have his revenge, he turned to the woman at the door, saying, "Pardon me, madam, I do not understand you."

The fourth attempt was more successful, and he withdrew only to return in a few hours and introduce himself, when, with his knowledge of the world, he soon overcame the timidity which they felt toward one of whom they had heard so much.

Betty Mills was the youngest child of her widowed mother, who had only two daughters left of a large family. Mrs. Mills was induced to go west, partly because her oldest daughter's husband had purchased a farm there and partly on account of Betty's health, for she had been sickly from infancy, and the physicians said change of climate was her only hope. The ex-

periment was a successful one, for a year of western life rounded the form of the tall, pale girl and brought out the rare beauty that was latent in every limb and feature. They had heard of Mr. Hunter all along their way from Massachusetts, and when they reached their destination his name was in every mouth as the man who owned the most land, the largest house, and the finest horses in the state. The summer deepened into autumn, and the autumn faded into winter, and every week found Mr. Hunter a welcome guest at the log-cabin. Gossip was busy with his name, the young girls wondered what he could find in Betty Mills to admire, and the mothers wondered what possessed widow Mills to permit her daughter to receive the attentions of a man so much older than herself, and all wondered whether he really intended to marry Betty, or if he was only amusing himself with a new fancy and would disappear as the attraction lost its novelty. Meanwhile Betty was settling a momentous question; like most young girls she had reveled in imaginary visions of wedded love, and shrank from giving her maiden liberty into the hands of a man who did not possess her affections. Mr. Hunter had strong advocates in Mrs. Mills and her oldest daughter, who had lived a romance in other years, but was married to an industrious, unpoetical man—not the love of her youth—and the care of half a dozen children had pretty much crowded all sentiment out of her heart.

"Come, Betty," she would often say, "do n't throw away such a chance. 'T is nonsense, child, this talk about love, you will enjoy yourself more spending Mr. Hunter's money than with all of this moonshine love in the world, and it is really very good in him to think of marrying a poor girl like you."

Betty stole away to her little room, and, leaning her head against the window, wondered what was best to do, but, after much consideration on her part as she wandered alone through the woods or lay on the edge of the bed at night watching the moonbeams as they crept across the floor, she did what almost any other girl would have done in her place. And any one would have been too silly to estimate external advantages or so wise as to be above merely external considerations to reject Mr. Hunter. As it was, Betty unconsciously struck a bargain, giving her youth for his position, and beauty for his gold, but it did not appear to her in this stern aspect till years afterward. She was sure she possessed his affections, and it could not be otherwise than that as her husband he would be very dear to her. One bright spring morning she joined hands with him for life, not more

than half knowing what were the motives that led her to the altar, as she stood a timid, unsophisticated bride among her envious companions, looking forward to married life as to a paradise in which all of the dreams of her girlhood would be realized, perfectly ignorant of the duties and trials of a wife.

"Here are the keys of the linen and silver closets, my dear," said Mr. Hunter soon after their arrival at his house, "and now I must leave you a short time to attend to some business down street. I will send Norah to you," and with a kiss he left her alone in the parlor.

In a few moments Norah, a middle-aged Irish woman, entered. Mr. Hunter took her from New York when he went west with his first wife, and she had since then served as housekeeper and maid of all work. With a courtesy to her new mistress and a welcome home she asked what her orders were. Betty felt her cheek grow hot, and she knew the servant noticed her embarrassment as she sat silent twirling her handkerchief.

"Please, ma'am, shall I take your things to your room?" asked Norah after a few moments of unbroken silence.

Betty told her she might, and she followed her into an adjoining room and sat stiff and straight in a chair watching her place bonnet and shawl in a closet. When the things were nicely put away Norah asked her what time she wished for tea.

"Whenever you choose," replied Betty, and, after waiting in vain before the silent Mrs. Hunter for any directions or permission to retire, Norah went back to the kitchen muttering,

"She's a dale different, she is, from my old mistress with her grand ways."

Betty remained quiet till Norah's footsteps died away, then she stole into the parlor, and, looking quickly around to see that no one was near, softly crept across the floor, but midway was startled by the slamming of a door in a distant part of the house, and she sprang back into her bedroom like a guilty person rather than the mistress of the house. With a fast-beating heart she stood still listening, hoping that the self-possessed Irish servant was not coming near her again, but all was quiet, so she stepped out and crossed the parlor and hall into a room opposite, which appeared to her inexperienced eye very beautiful, with its mahogany furniture, marble center-table, and large mirror; then she entered a room back of this, the use of which she could not understand, with a large table in the middle and small ones against the wall, but she dared not explore farther, and made a retreat to her bedroom, fearful of encountering Norah,



and sat down on her trunk wondering why she was not happy, seeing she was at the head of a fine house, and the fear of her husband finding her with tear-stained cheeks was the only thing that kept her from crying in her loneliness. But she sat very still, wishing that she had Mr. Hunter's ways, and that she could speak to Norah as he did; and here her husband found her half an hour afterward drumming on the nails of the trunk with the bunch of keys he had given her.

"Well, wife," he said, "I suppose you have been from garret to cellar, in every drawer and closet, and, I presume, found things in great disorder. Norah is a faithful creature, but, very much like all of the race, has little idea of law or order; but now you are here it will soon seem like home again and things go on in their accustomed way. But what is the matter, dear, are you sick?" he asked, observing her sad face and the tears that filled her eyes in spite of her every effort. He drew her on to a lounge by his side and repeated his questions, "Are you sick; does not the house suit you; is Norah not respectful?" But she only turned her head away to hide the tears which were flowing down her cheeks. Just then the tea bell rang and relieved her embarrassment; her husband led her to the dining room, where she forced down a few mouthfuls and listened to his merry talk of persons who were strangers to her, wishing all of the time that he would take her in his arms and insist on knowing what ailed her; but he did no such thing, but after tea read aloud a long article from a Review about something, she had not the least idea what, for her mother's book-shelf could only boast of the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and a tattered volume of the Scottish Chiefs, which had constituted her only reading, with a newspaper occasionally received from some old acquaintance in Massachusetts.

The next morning Betty would gladly have given up all her future prospects as the wife of a rich man to have been safely home in the log-cabin by her mother's side. And the day with its experiences did not bring her any relief. Mr. Hunter brought home two gentlemen to dinner, strangers from New York, who were locating land, and the beef was overdone, the pie underdone, the castor destitute of mustard, and the coffee not fit to drink, Mr. Hunter said, and the second day of their wedded life he left her with a frowning face as he accompanied his guests down street. Betty buried her face in a pillow with a severe nervous headache and wept herself to sleep. The tea-bell awoke her, but the blinding pain still raged, and so she lay down again. Her husband came to her after tea and stroked her hair and kissed her fondly as he told her

how much he loved her. She received his caresses in silence, but thought if he loved her so very much why had he left her alone so long sick and suffering; and after Norah had disrobed her for the night she lay with the tears dropping noiselessly upon the pillow, but stirred neither hand nor foot lest her husband should discover she was not asleep. The morning found her weak and depressed but free from pain, and the first thing she saw on opening her eyes was her husband standing before an open drawer stirring up the clothes it contained with both hands and talking to himself.

"Not a button on; I should think some one might see to my clothes; you might as well look for a needle in a haymow as for a decent shirt in this confusion," and he held up one of the said articles before him, which was minus just six buttons, and regarded it with a disconsolate air. Then, just as though a remedy had flashed upon his mind, he turned quickly to the bed and encountered the large eyes of his wife.

"Is your head better, my dear; can't you sew on these buttons, it will take you but a moment?" said he approaching her, and, leaning back against a pillow with a work-box by her side, she restored her husband's good-humor with the six missing buttons. Mr. Hunter's time was mostly divided between his business office in the town and his private room at home, which served the threefold purpose of study, library, and office. Sometimes Betty had gone to bed before he left his study, and at others he would bring a book into the parlor and read aloud some highly-metaphysical or political article, subjects in which he, with his cultivated mind, delighted, but which were unmeaning sounds to her; and this, with an occasional hour of petting, when he poured into her ear all of that loving nonsense which intellectual men are remarkable for talking to their wives, was their only intercourse. Betty had naturally a strong mind, and only needed culture to follow her husband in his intricate wanderings and exalted height, but the regions of poetry and metaphysics had been unknown ones to her, and all practical things such as she understood were a weariness to him. Thus necessarily she was much alone, and, after wearying of the needle and solitary walks, would sit for hours in moody repining and discontent. One day she wandered to the study, and for the first time overstepped its threshold. It was a pleasant room, with two large windows opening toward a sloping green that terminated at a river's edge, and by its furniture Mr. Hunter's character could be read. Huge book-cases leaned against the wall, in which Latin lexicons and worn Greek books stood next to Scott's novels, and Jeremy

Taylor leaned against revised statutes and Blackstone; immense encyclopedias and the British poets were near neighbors, while learned treatises on different medical systems, and travels, and biographies were piled miscellaneous together. Mr. Hunter knew enough of law to be his own counselor, of medicine to doctor his own family, and of theology to draw from the Bible his own creeds. A table stood between the windows covered with pens, rules, legal papers half filled out, magazines, and newspapers. In one corner was a small safe, on the top of which was a pile of fish-hooks and lines, two wine bottles, three boxes of medicines, and a bank note reporter. A large arm-chair, a luxurious lounge, from under which peeped a pair of morning slippers, a blacking box, and a pair of shoe brushes, with a handsomely-mounted gun, completed the furniture of the room. Betty stood in the doorway and surveyed the entire room with a thoughtful eye, searching for the reason of her husband's partiality, then advancing slowly to a book-case she took down one volume after another and idly turned the leaves till her attention was arrested by a sentence, and, sitting down on the floor in front of the shelves, was lost in the book she held till the approaching step of her husband as he returned to dinner caused her to raise her eyes in amazement at the flight of time, and, dropping the book upon the floor, she sprang through a side door and fled to her own room. From that day many hours of her husband's absence were spent by her in exploring the treasure house thus opened for the first time to her wondering eyes. And well would it have been for her if she had accepted the pleasures thus offered and ceased repining for those beyond her reach. That evening as the sun was sinking in its gorgeous bed she stood before an open window in a large, unfrequented chamber up stairs, watching the few passers-by and asking herself for the hundredth time what it was that kept Mr. Hunter down street so much of the time. As she turned to leave the room a large bureau arrested her eye; she had seen it many times before, but never thought of its contents; and, taking from her pocket the bunch of keys Mr. Hunter had given her, she fitted a key to the upper drawer and drew it forth, but dropped the keys and started back in dismay. The first Mrs. Hunter's wardrobe! Her first instinct was to close the drawer and creep away, for it seemed like disturbing the quiet and dampness of the grave, but a singular fascination held her fast. She raised a silk dress from its place and shook loose its many folds; she looked at it a moment, then noiselessly crossing the room locked the door, lowered the curtains over the windows, and

again stood before the open drawer, and her busy fingers rested not till every article had been unfolded before her—the heavy silks, the rich laces, the elegant embroidery, boxes of plumes and jewels, even stockings and shoes, all the apparel of a gay, beautiful woman. Such things she had never seen before, for many of the fabrics she knew no name, and the gold and gems were like fairy tales to her. She reopened the box of jewelry and slipped the sparkling rings on her fingers, wound a necklace of pearls around her head and a chain upon her neck, and gazed upon herself in a mirror near by. The excitement gave a brilliancy to her eye, the color rose high in her cheek, and the pearls rested on her brow as much in place as on a high-born dame; but she did not know how beautiful she was, standing there decked in the gems of the dead. A heavy step echoed through the hall below, and, turning, she seemed to see an open grave beside the bureau, and a death-white, haughty face turned upward from its depth. Hastily tearing off the ornaments she replaced them, and, groping on the floor for the keys, she locked each drawer and stepped into an adjoining room and sank back in the cushions of a large chair and buried her face in her hands. After remaining motionless for half an hour she raised her head and repeated, "Mrs. Hunter! Mrs. Hunter! she was his wife and so am I. How much he must have loved her to dress her like that! I dare say she never had to stay alone day after day, while he was attending to business. He is rich, he can't have any thing to do. But she is dead, and I shall be some time; so what difference does it make?"

But she rose and went down stairs through the deepening twilight with an angry, heated look, which showed that it did make a serious difference to her. In her room she found Mr. Hunter muttering over a stained vest. She took it from his hand, sponged out the offending spot, and handed it back, as he stood scowling at a pile of coats and vests he had thrown from a closet on the floor.

"My dear," said he, "can you arrange my things, sponge these clothes, and sew the buttons on those in the drawers? And it seems to me you might oversee Norah a little; she is such an intolerable cook, we have had nothing fit to eat for a month. You have nothing to do; can you not see to things a little?"

"Certainly, if you wish," was the quiet reply. But the long lashes hid from him the flashing eyes which were fixed upon some sewing hastily caught up, and he left the room alike ignorant of her anger and discontent. He had never won her confidence, or in truth tried to, and the timidity and reserve she had felt before marriage

deepened into fear after. The more she learned of his imperious temper and keen intellect the more she shrank within herself, and only strove to possess the exterior of a dutiful wife. The next day every thing was sponged and brushed, and kitchen and cellar inspected, and a savory dinner cooked by her own hands that so pleased her husband that afterward a part of every day was spent in preparing delicacies for his palate, till at last she came to believe, with a favorite author of the present day, that the way to a husband's heart is through his stomach. Thus the summers and winters passed away—Mr. Hunter always busy, and his hours of thought and sadness unshared by his wife, who was alternately his plaything and his slave. He toyed with her for an hour, and then required her care for all of his physical wants. She knew she was no companion for her husband, and feeling her home duties irksome, went into society only to feel her inferiority to the well-educated people she met, and to see that there were women with whom her husband delighted to talk, and then she would determine to study and remedy her ignorance, and, being engaged with a book, would forget her husband's food; and, as he complained at table that there was nothing fit to eat, she vowed never to leave the kitchen again. But when an hour's toil had wearied and depressed her she would lock herself in her own room and cry for hours. Every day the same change of feeling was experienced, but never with lessened suffering, till her proud heart was chafed almost to madness. Hourly the discrepancy between her girlhood's visionary married life and the actual pressed upon her. The days of love's soft dalliances and luxurious ease which she dreamed to possess became days of toil and bitter mortification. She thought her life all evil, for her understanding was limited to external things, and she saw no higher object in life than idle enjoyment. She was blind to the unfolding of God's purposes—that each of these sad experiences was to lead her step by step from the thralldom of sensual delights to that state of perfect development where she could rejoice in the conquest of truth, and behold God's plan of life in a perfect whole, and not in disjointed parts. She fretted under every pain, rather than welcomed it as a divine teacher earnestly searching for the truth it was to inculcate.

One early spring day Mr. Hunter went to his wife, who was sitting on the edge of the piazza, idly picking off the young blades of grass at her feet. With an open letter in hand he said:

"I have just received a letter from my mother, Elizabeth, [he said Betty was a vulgar abbreviation,] and father started for Europe last week, to

be absent two years or more. Mother wishes us to spend the summer with her. If you can be ready we will leave for New York the last of next week. Perhaps you had better send for your mother to assist you in making arrangements."

Mrs. Mills came immediately, and on the morning after her arrival, as they sat alone, she said:

"Well, Betty, I suppose the first thing will be to go down town and buy some dresses, and hunt up a woman to make them. You will need a great many nice ones, for I presume Mr. Hunter's people live in fine style. How much money have you?"

"Not any."

"Well, you must go to Mr. Hunter and get some."

"I shall do no such a thing," she said, taking her empty purse from a fancy basket by her side and holding it up between her thumb and fingers. She continued: "I have not had a cent in it since I was married, and if I never have I shall not ask Mr. Hunter. I suppose he knows I have no money."

"Why, child, what do you mean? you can not go east with those old things."

"If he wished me to have new clothes he would get them for me."

"All wrong, Betty, you ought not to talk so."

"Did you never feel your dependence as a wife?" Betty asked as she slowly drew her needle through an apron she was making.

"O, yes, but you will get used to that. Every woman has to, and if you will not ask your husband I will." So saying Mrs. Mills went to the study and soon returned with a handful of bank-bills, which she shook in Betty's face, exclaiming, "There! here is a hundred dollars; he handed me five hundred, but I knew this was enough to clothe you for two years, and when you want money, Betty, you must go and ask him. There is quantities of it in his safe, and these men never think whether their wives have any thing unless they tell them."

Betty sat silent with her head bent low; her cheek was burning hot, and a tear quivered on her eyelashes as she thought of the robes and jewels in the bureau up stairs. The county town was ransacked for its costliest fabrics, and many a consultation held with the only milliner and mantua-maker the place afforded.

The next week Mr. Hunter and his wife were jogging in a lumber-wagon toward the nearest railroad station, which was some twenty miles distant. Betty was almost wild with delight, and she dwelt with constantly-increasing pleasure upon the gay clothes packed in the trunks behind her, and the brilliant scenes she was so soon to behold



in the city. She whispered to herself over and over that now her anticipations would be realized. She was nearly bewildered by the rapid changes and confusion of her journey. But when she arrived in New York, and sat in the spacious drawing-room, waiting the coming of her mother-in-law, as her husband in the hall was ordering the disposal of the trunks, she was confounded by the magnificence that surrounded her. She had only time to glance at the elegant mirrors, heavy window-drapery, which changed the light to a rosy hue through the room, the velvet carpets, the paintings, the statuettes, the dazzling chandeliers, and the conservatory opening from one end of the room, filled with its gorgeous flowers and singing-birds, before her husband entered with his mother, a small, elderly lady, dressed in heavy black silk, who advanced with a dignified, measured step, as her son named his wife to her; and, taking Betty by the two fingers, presented her cheek for a kiss, and immediately said:

"You must be tired, my dear, and wish to lie down."

She rang a bell, and Betty was shown up stairs by a negro servant. The next morning, clad in the richest gown her trunk afforded, she entered the parlor, where Mrs. Hunter was already sitting in an arm-chair, before a grate of glowing coals, which threw out a welcome heat and dispelled the chill of the morning air. She offered her hand to Betty with a smiling "Good morning." But as Betty replied, "Good morning, mother," the hand was quietly dropped and the little lady drew up her head haughtily, as a flash of mingled anger and contempt lit up her wrinkled face, and she spoke with freezing dignity.

"Have a chair near the fire, Mrs. Hunter, it is quite cool this morning."

Betty was conscious that she had offended madam some way; and, taking with a red face the designated seat, gazed into the fire, wondering what she had done. Her husband soon came in, and asked a dozen questions about old friends, and a lively conversation ensued between mother and son which continued till after breakfast, neither seeming to notice Betty's silence. In a pause Mrs. Hunter quickly glanced over Betty from head to foot, and, turning to her son, said:

"John, your wife must have some new clothes; she can see no one in those old-fashioned things."

"Well," he replied, "I suppose you ladies can arrange those things without annoying me with them."

Mrs. Hunter sent for a mantua-maker, and Betty was measured, and a multitude of clothes ordered in the last style, and all of the garments her mother had arranged for her, and of which

she had been so proud, were packed away out of sight, to take back into the country. Mr. Hunter's sisters, who were married and lived in neighboring streets, came in that morning, and Betty thought the greeting cold between brother and sisters after a separation of years, and their intercourse seemed formal to her. No carelessness of manners, no freedom of conversation regarding personal interests, no tender caress, but common topics were discussed with that distant politeness she was accustomed to see between strangers, and they all treated their mother as though she was some honored guest, rather than a dearly-loved parent. She was simply Mrs. John Hunter to them all—the wife of their brother, nothing more. And as such they treated her politely. When it was necessary to address her it was civilly done, but a word was never spoken to her unless unavoidable. It was many days before she understood the reason for their reserved manner, which she keenly felt, and she might never have known had it not been for some remarks Mrs. Hunter made regarding a friend of hers in the city—one Mrs. More.

"She is the best woman I ever knew," said she one evening, "and treats her sons' wives with the greatest kindness. Both of her sons married into a low family; that is, they were very poor, and had no associations with well-bred people. Their father, I believe, was an obscure physician; but after they were married Mrs. More visited them, and in public treated them with the greatest consideration."

"Did she see them at their parents' home?" asked Betty.

"At their parents'! no, what are you thinking of, child? Mrs. More is one of the first ladies in the city. It was at her sons' houses, and I do not know but that they were worthy women, and made good wives and mothers, and one of them had the reputation of being very beautiful, but they could not expect to be received in society as though they had belonged to a family of rank."

Betty made no reply, although her woman's nature clamored to be heard; but sitting quietly a few moments with clinched teeth, she rose and swept from the room with an unconscious air of insulted pride. Her husband raised his eyes from the book he was reading and fixed them upon her face as she passed him, with a half-inquiring, half-surprised expression. Perhaps he thought there was more in the quiet country girl than he had ever dreamed, and perhaps he only thought how beautiful she was. Through the brilliantly-lighted hall, up the gorgeous stairway to her room, where, turning off the gas, she threw herself on a lounge by the fireside.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

## EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

### Scripture Cabinet.

DILIGENCE.—“*The hand of the diligent maketh rich.*”  
*Prov. x, 4.*

The blessing of God doth so follow it that more have been made honorable by their diligence than by their birth. “The hand of the diligent maketh rich,” saith Solomon, and in another place, “The soul of the diligent shall be made fat;” and elsewhere, “The hand of the diligent shall bear rule.” From servants many have grown to be masters, from hirelings to be officers, through their diligence—as we see in Jacob, Joseph, David, with many more. Witness also the Romans, who raised their commonwealth thereby, and stood not upon terms of blood: some of them were fetched from the plow; some from other places mean and base. Cicero, Fabius, Quintius, and others, witness these things. Justinianus, of a diligent herdboy became a diligent soldier; of a diligent soldier, a great commander; of a commander, the emperor of the world, and one of the best. The kings of Hungary were derived from Lechus the Second, who was a husbandman, in remembrance whereof he caused his wooden soles or shoes to be reserved in his castle, for all posterity to remember how, and in what sort, he came first into court. And, if we should come nearer home, how many judges and bishops of this land, of mean descent, have risen to honor by it! Thus diligence is ever accompanied with a blessing, which should it miss of here, yet it shall have a sure reward from God. If through thy diligence thy five talents be made ten, over ten cities God will make thee ruler.

As for the brand of infamy and disgrace that is set upon negligence and sloth, it is very great. “He that is negligent in his business,” saith Solomon, “is the brother of a waster”—*Prov. xviii, 9*—that is, he shall as certainly—though it may be not so speedily—come to misery and poverty. And—*Prov. xxii, 29*—“A man diligent in his business shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men;” as if he should say—for the antithesis notes as much—such as are not diligent shall have the baser and meaner sort their companions, and be clothed with rags instead of robes; as he also speaketh in another place. O, then, let us fall in love with diligence! Which way can we cast our eyes and want arguments? Look up to heaven, and without diligence no getting thither; for that crown we must run, and strive, and work. Look down to hell, and without diligence no escaping that; prayers and tears must help to quench those flames. Look upon the earth, and without diligence no blessing can be hoped for from it. God speed the plow! let the land miss his tillage, and

where is the increase? but the oftener it is turned, compassed, and plowed, the surer it proves to the husbandman's content.

We read in story of one Furius Cresinus, a Roman, who was accused of witchcraft in drawing away the fat of other men's land into his own, for that every year he had great crops, and his neighbors small or none: this they thought came by enchantment, and thereof he was questioned in judgment. The poor man brings with him all his tools of husbandry, heavy mattocks, weighty plowshares, full-fed oxen, all his irons much bigger and stronger than his neighbors', and, lastly, his daughter, a strong and big maid, who was his helper in his business, and setting all these before his judges and accusers, cried out in these words, *Hæc sunt, Quirites, beneficia mea!*—“These things, Romans, are my enchantments.” This daughter, these oxen, these tools, are the instruments of my witchcraft, and besides these I use none, and these with diligence I apply. This is the way to have great and good crops both of grain and grace, if thou lay thy hand with diligence to the plow and have fitting instruments. But withal, ever with the plowman be looking up upon the sun; and with the pilot, who, as he holdeth his hand upon the stern, hath his eye upon the star. For it is good ground, a good husbandman, and God's blessing, that brings good crops whether for soul or body.

THE CHIEF CONCERN.—To ask and discourse of questions about the great things that concern thy soul, thy eternal state, how thou mayest live further to the honor of God, is good, when you meet together; to confer one with another as to what God hath done for your souls; to tell each other the experiences of your own hearts and God's dealings with you; what temptations you meet with, and how God helps you against them; such things as these would edify. But when your questions are about things that you are never likely to understand, and if you did understand them they little concern you, they would not be helpful to you one whit in the ways of godliness; these the Holy Ghost would not have you spend your time in. If we had but that great question more among us, “What must we do to be saved?” it would cause many unprofitable questions to vanish. Never such ignorance came upon the Christian world as in that age when the schoolmen were in the highest esteem. All religion then was turned into questions. Both the mystery and the power of godliness were lost. The things of religion are rather to be believed than disputed. “We believe fishermen, not logicians,” says Ambrose. The devil at this day labors to eat

out the strength of religion by getting men to delight in multitudes of questions, and that about things of less concernment.

**THE CHURCH.**—The Church of God is named the pillar of truth, not as if the truth did depend on the Church, or as if God could not otherwise manifest it than by her ministry, or that our faith should be built on the authority of it, or that we should think it absolutely free from all ignorance and error; but because it doth strongly hold and maintain the saving profession of the truth, notwithstanding all the violence of wicked and cruel enemies; and for that, by instructions, admonitions, and comforts, it strengtheneth, stayeth, and supporteth such as otherwise would fall. So, then, the Church is the pillar of truth, not because it is absolutely free from all error, or that our faith should be builded upon the infallibility of it; but because it alway retaineth a saving profession of heavenly truth, and by strength of reason, force of persuasions, timeliness of admonitions, comforts of sacraments, and other means of saving grace—the force of which the sons of God do feel—it strengtheneth and stayeth the weakness of all them that depend upon it.

**PRAYER.**—Prayer hath a twofold preëminence above all other duties whatsoever, in regard of the universality of its influence, and opportunity for its performance. The universality of its influence. As every sacrifice was to be seasoned with salt, so every undertaking and every affliction of the creature must be sanctified with prayer; nay, as it sheweth the excellency of gold that it is laid upon silver itself, so it speaketh the excellency of prayer, that not only natural and civil, but even religious and spiritual actions are overlaid with prayer. We pray not only before we eat or drink our bodily nourishment, but also before we feed on the bread of the Word and the bread in the sacrament. Prayer is requisite to make every providence and every ordinance blessed to us; prayer is needful to make our particular callings successful. Prayer is the guard to secure the fort-royal of the heart; prayer is the porter to keep the door of the lips; prayer is the strong hilt which defendeth the hands; prayer perfumes every relation; prayer helps us to profit by every condition; prayer is the chemist that turns all into gold; prayer is the master-workman: if that be out of the way, the whole trade stands still, or goeth backward. What the key is to the watch, that prayer is to religion; it winds it up and sets it agoing. It is before other duties in regard of opportunity for its performance. A Christian can not always hear, or always read, or always communicate, but he may pray continually. No place, no company can deprive him of this privilege. If he be on the top of a house with Peter, he may pray; if he be in the bottom of the ocean with Jonah, he may pray; if he be walking in the field with Isaac, he may pray when no eye seeth him; if he be waiting at table with Nehemiah, he may pray when no ear heareth him. If he be in the mountains with our Savior, he may pray; if he be in the prison with Paul, he may pray; wherever he is, prayer will help him to find God out. Every saint in God's temple; "and he that carrieth his temple about him," saith

Austin, "may go to prayer when he pleaseth." Indeed, to a Christian every house is a house of prayer, every closet a chamber of presence, and every place he comes to an altar whereon he may offer the sacrifice of prayer.

**FAITH IN GOD.**—Have faith in God. Faith will be staggered even by loose stones in the way, if we look manward: if we look Godward, faith will not be staggered even by inaccessible mountains stretching across and obstructing apparently our onward progress. "Go forward," is the voice from heaven; and faith, obeying, finds the mountains before it flat as plains. "God with us," is the watchword of our warfare, the secret of our strength, the security of our triumph. "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." How strong faith is when we are just fresh from the fountain of redeeming love! A good conscience, and then faith will do all things; for it is in its very nature such as to let God work all: we may say that it is most active when it is most passive, and that it wearies least when it does most work.

**THE MINSTREL IN THE DARK.**—"Ah!" said the bird, imprisoned in a dark cage, "how unhappy were I in my eternal night but for those melodious tones, that sometimes make their way to me from afar and cheer my gloomy day! I will myself repeat these heavenly notes, like an echo, till I have stamped them upon my soul, and then they will bring comfort to me in my darkness."

Thus spoke the little warbler, and soon had learned the airs that were sung to it with voice and instrument. This done, the curtain was raised; for the darkness had been purposely contrived to assist in its instruction.

O, Christian! how often dost thou complain of overshadowing grief and of darkness resting upon thy days! And yet, what cause for complaint, unless, indeed, thou hast failed to learn wisdom from suffering? For human life is but a temporary veiling and obscuring of man's immortal spirit, that it may be attuned to those happy and heavenly melodies which, when the fleshly curtain falls away, it will forever sing in light and glory.

**GOD OUR FATHER.**—In a storm at sea, when the danger pressed, and the deep seemed ready to devour the voyagers, one man stood composed and cheerful amid the agitated throng. They asked him eagerly why he feared not; was he an experienced seaman, and did he see reason to expect that the ship would ride the tempest through? No; he was not an expert sailor, but he was a trustful Christian. He was not sure that the ship would swim; but he knew that its sinking could do no harm to him. His answer was, "Though I sink to-day, I shall only drop gently into the hollow of my Father's hand; for he holds all these waters there!" The story of that disciple's faith triumphing in a stormy sea presents a pleasant picture to those who read it on the solid land; but if they in safety are strangers to this faith, they will not in trouble partake of his consolation. The idea is beautiful; but a human soul, in its extremity, can not play with a beautiful idea. It is only when satisfied with his mercy that we rejoice to lie in his hand.



## Notes and Queries.

**CURIOUS PUNISHMENT.**—In the diary of William Whiteway, of Dorchester, England, mention is made of the following incident: "May, 1621: Sir Francis Mitchell being one of Sir Giles Mompesson's cousins, was sent unto Finsbury jail, a place made by him for rogues, and made to ride on a lean jade backward through London, holding the tail in his hand, and having a paper upon his forehead whereon was written his offense."

**SHAVING STATUTE.**—In a parliament held at Trim, in the province of Leinster, Ireland, by John Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, and then Lord Lieutenant, in the year 1447, it was enacted "that every Irishman must keep his upper lip shaved, or else be used as an Irish enemy." Henry VI was at this time king, and the Irish were much attached to the national foppery of wearing mustaches, a fashion then prevalent throughout Europe, and for two centuries after. The unfortunate Paddy who became an enemy for his beard, like an enemy was treated; for the treason could only be pardoned by the surrender of his land. Thus two benefits accrued to the King; his enemies were diminished and his followers provided for, many of whose descendants enjoy the confiscated estates to this day. The effect of this statute became so alarming that the people submitted to the English Revolutionary razor, and found it more convenient to resign their beards than their lands. This Agrarian law was repealed under Charles I, after existing two hundred years.

**DATES WORTH REMEMBERING.**—1180, glass windows first used for light.

- 1236, Chimneys first put to houses.
- 1252, Lead pipes for carrying water.
- 1290, Tallow candles for lights.
- 1299, Spectacles invented, by an Italian.
- 1302, Paper first made from linen.
- 1341, Woolen cloth first made in England
- 1410, Art of painting in oil.
- 1440, Art of printing from movable types.
- 1477, Watches first made, in Germany.
- 1540, Variations in the compass first noticed.
- 1543, Pins first used, in England.
- 1590, Telescope invented, by Porta and Jansen.
- 1590, Jupiter's satellites discovered, by Jansen.
- 1601, Tea first brought to Europe from China.
- 1603, Theater erected in England, by Shakspeare.
- 1610, Thermometer invented, by Sanctorius.
- 1619, Circulation of blood discovered, by Harvey.
- 1625, Bricks first made of any required size.
- 1626, Printing in colors invented.
- 1629, Newspaper first established.
- 1630, Shoe-buckles first made.
- 1635, Wine made from grapes, in England.
- 1639, Pendulum clocks invented.
- 1641, Coffee brought to England.
- 1641, Sugar-cane cultivated, in the West Indies.
- 1643, Barometer invented, by Toricelli, in Italy.

- 1646, Air-guns invented.
- 1649, Steam-engine invented.
- 1650, Bread first made with yeast.
- 1659, Cotton first planted in the United States.
- 1663, Fire-engine invented.
- 1756, Steam-engine improved, by Watt.
- 1785, Stereotyping invented, in Scotland.
- 1788, Animal magnetism discovered, by Mesmer.
- 1832, Telegraph invented, by Morse.
- 1839, Daguerreotype made, by Daguerre, in France.

**ENGLISH BIBLE TRANSLATIONS.**—*Wycliffe's Bible.*—This was the first translation made into the English language. It was first translated, by John Wycliffe, about 1380, but never printed, though there are manuscript copies of it in several of the public libraries.

*Tyndale's Bible.*—The translation by William Tyndale, assisted by Miles Coverdale, was the first printed Bible in the English language. The New Testament was published in 1530. In 1532 Tyndale and his associates finished the whole Bible, except the Apocrypha, and printed it abroad.

*Matthewe's Bible.*—While Tyndale was preparing a second edition of his Bible, he was taken up and burned for heresy, at Flanders. On his death, Coverdale and John Rogers revised it, and added a translation of the Apocrypha. It was dedicated to Henry VIII, in 1537, and was printed at Hamburg under the borrowed name of Thomas Matthewe, whence it was called Matthewe's Bible.

*Cranmer's Bible.*—This was the first Bible printed by authority in England, and publicly set up in the churches. It was Tyndale's version, revised by Coverdale and examined by Cranmer, who added a preface to it; and hence called Cranmer's Bible. It was printed by Grafton and Whitechurch, one of the largest volumes published in 1540. After being adopted, suppressed, and restored, under successive reigns, a new edition was brought out in 1562.

*Geneva Bible.*—Some English exiles at Geneva, in Queen Mary's reign, namely, Coverdale, Goodman, Gilbe, Sampson, Cole, Whitting, and Knox, made a new translation, which was printed there in 1560. Hence it was called the Geneva Bible. It was much valued by the Puritan party. In this version the first distinction of verses was made. It went through some twenty editions.

*The Bishop's Bible.*—Archbishop Parker engaged bishops and other learned men to bring out a new translation. They did so in 1568, in large folio. It made what was afterward called the Bishop's Bible. In 1569 it was published in octavo, in small, but fine black letter. In it the chapters were divided into verses, but without breaks for them.

*Parker's Bible.*—The Bishop's Bible underwent some corrections, and was printed, in a large folio, in 1572, and called Matthew Parker's Bible. This version was used in the Churches for forty years.

*Douay Bible.*—The New Testament was brought

out by the Roman Catholics, at Rheims, in 1582, and from this circumstance called the Rhemish New Testament. It was condemned by the Queen of England, and copies seized by her authority and destroyed. In 1609-10 the Old Testament was added, and published at Douay—hence called Douay Bible.

*King James's Bible.*—This version, now in use, was brought out by King James's authority in 1611. Fifty learned men were employed to accomplish the work of revising. From death or other causes, three of them failed to enter upon it. The remaining forty-seven were ranged under six divisions, and had different portions of the Bible assigned to each division. They entered upon their task in 1607. After some three or four years of diligent labor, the whole was completed. This version was generally adopted, and other versions fell into disuse. It has continued in use for nearly two hundred years.

*THE "OLD DOMINION."*—Virginia, during the usurpation of Cromwell, declared herself independent of his authority, when the usurper threatened to send a fleet to reduce the colony. Fearing to withstand such a force, the colonists dispatched a messenger to Charles II—then an exile in Flanders—inviting the royal outcast to be their king. He accepted the invitation, and on the very eve of embarking for his throne in America was recalled to the crown of England. In gratitude for Virginia loyalty, he quartered her coat of arms with those of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as an independent member of the British empire. The coin establish these facts. Hence the origin of the phrase "Old Dominion."

*NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.*—Socrates, at an extreme age, learned to play on musical instruments.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin.

Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature; yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarch being the other two.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

Colbert, the famous French minister, at sixty years of age returned to his Latin and law studies.

Ludovico, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times—a singular exertion, noticed by Voltaire, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past the age of fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that indeed he began it late, but he should therefore master it the sooner.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the

translation of the Iliad; and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

*ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF IOWA.*—Many years ago, before the "pale faces" had taken possession of the fertile lands west of the Mississippi, a tribe of Indians encamped on the bluffs overlooking the Iowa river. The chief of the tribe, coming in view of the river unexpectedly, was struck with rapture at the surrounding grand and picturesque beauty, and in his native dialect exclaimed, "*Iowa, Iowa!*"—beautiful, beautiful! Hence the name of the river, and, afterward, to all that portion of the Louisiana purchase now forming the state of Iowa.

*THE MITE.*—The mite of commerce, a small coin formerly current, was equal to one-third of a farthing. The mite of Scripture was the quarter of a denarius, and worth seven farthings, or about three and a half cents.

*SOLUTION TO MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.*—See November number, 1859.—"What two numbers are those whose sum, product, and the difference of whose squares are all equal?"

Let  $x$  and  $y$  represent the numbers; then by the conditions of the problem we have the two equations

$$x+y=xy \quad (1.)$$

$$x+y=x^2-y^2 \quad (2.)$$

Divide equation (2.) by  $x+y$ , and transposing quantities, we get  $x=1+y$  (3.)

Substitute this value of  $x$  in equation (1.) and there results  $y^2-y=1$ ; or

$$y=\frac{1}{2}\pm\sqrt{1+\frac{1}{4}}, \text{ or } \frac{1\pm\sqrt{5}}{2}$$

Substitute the value of  $y$  in equation (3.) and

$$x=\frac{3}{2}\pm\sqrt{1+\frac{1}{4}}, \text{ or } \frac{3\pm\sqrt{5}}{2}$$

The square root of 5 is 2.236; and hence the two numbers are found to be 2.61803 and 1.61803, which are only approximately correct.

E. B.

Solutions have been received from W. T. C., North Eaton, O.; A. A., Ill.; O. G. S., Ill.; and F. S. C.,—

*MINOR QUERIES.*—Is the following sentence correct: "Would you have let them fought?" Give a rule that will guide in similar cases.

Why do our thunder-storms come from the west? Should they ever originate in any other quarter, it will be but an exception to the general rule, and will prove nothing against establishing a "theory."

AKRON.

Whence arose and what means the expression, "Scrupulous to a fault?" Also, "Generous to a fault?" The peculiarity of the expressions undoubtedly all lies in the last part—"to a fault."

T. K. D.

Suppose a ship in some northern latitude, say 45°, to sail apparently—not by compass—west: required the actual course of the ship. Also, what must be the apparent course of the ship, so that its real direction may be due west?

CALIFORNIAN.

Has any theory ever been given explaining satisfactorily the smoky appearance of the atmosphere which prevails during the period of Indian summer? If so, what is it?

J. P. M

## Children's Corner.

A NEW LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—Cora Grant, a pretty, bright-eyed little girl of ten summers, sat reading the "Ladies' Repository," when suddenly tossing back her curls and looking up into her mother's face, who was sewing quietly by her side, she exclaimed, "Mamma, what does this mean, a 'Sideboard for Children?'"

"Why surely, Cora, you know what a sideboard is?" replied her mother.

"O, yes," said she laughing, "something that stands in the dining-room, and always has nice things in it, such as peaches and grapes in summer, and apples and plum-cake in winter; but I mean in this connection though?"

"Well, I suppose that after the grown people have been served, it means that there shall always be some nice tidbits of stories served on that particular Sideboard for children."

"That is a very pleasant idea," said Cora, "and I wish you would help to set out the Sideboard occasionally."

"I, indeed," said Mrs. Grant. "I am afraid my stories would savor more of common gingerbread than of your delicious peaches and plum-cake, and might not prove so acceptable to your fastidious young palates."

"O! you know I like gingerbread above every thing else, and so do all children, do n't they, cousin Emily?" addressing a young girl who had been drawing in a corner of the room, and who had just laid down her pencil to listen to the conversation. "Come over here into this corner by the fire, and we will coax mamma to tell us a story now, and then we can judge if it won't do for the 'Sideboard.'"

"You are really very persevering," said Mrs. Grant laughing, "but I do remember an incident, connected, too, with a sideboard, which may interest you. Of course you remember frequently hearing me speak of my grandmother Hilman; and few events of my young life gave me more pleasure than my weekly visits to her house, where I and my young cousins enjoyed unlimited control over the fine old attic, which good Martha Matthews kept in such nice order for our special use. I suppose that among the youthful memories of almost every heart some old garret holds a sacred place; but even at this distance of time I feel inclined to reiterate the bold assertion of our youth, 'that no other children ever did have such a glorious old room to play in.' It extended over the whole width of the house, with three wide windows on each side; and in the branches of the trees that swept their panes the birds built their nests, and as they twittered and caroled in their leafy homes, we could kneel upon the low window seats and drink in sweet lessons of love and contentment, and young as we were could realize the power of Him, without whose care 'not even a sparrow fall-eth to the ground.'"

"Often on a summer's afternoon good Martha would

bring her knitting, and, seated in one of the old chairs in which the garret abounded—by the way, we called it a hospital for the reception of invalid furniture—would relate to our greedy ears stories of her youth and country. Martha was an English woman, and, of course, kings and queens figured largely in her narratives. It was owing to this circumstance that our dolls received their illustrious titles of Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Bess.

"One of our favorite amusements was that of playing Church, on which occasion we sang from a favorite little volume of hymns which Martha had given us; and many a time have I seen the dear old soul take off her spectacles and wipe her eyes, as the refrain of,

'O, won't that be joyful!'

fell upon her ears. She used to tell grandma it was 'perfect 'eaven to 'ear them children sing.'

"Among the treasures of our play-room was a large old sideboard, which, having met with some accident that impaired its beauty, had been consigned to the hospital; it was a wide, old-fashioned thing, with three large compartments, either of which would hold one of us and our royal ladies, and Queen Mary and I were often shut up in one as our castle, till Queen Bess mercifully came to our deliverance; for, in spite of historical knowledge and Martha's stories to the contrary, our cousins lived most harmoniously together. I think with all of Martha's ultra Protestantism she had a strong leaning toward the Scottish Queen, her beauty and misfortunes touching the poetical vein which, like an under current, you could trace through all the windings of her otherwise stern and rugged nature.

"One bright morning after we had 'had Church' much to our satisfaction, having listened to an edifying discourse from cousin Jim—who, at that early age, evinced no ordinary talent for extemporaneous speaking, and who you know is now a most acceptable preacher in the far west—we concluded to exercise ourselves by a game of hide and seek with our dolls. I believe I did not tell you that one of the apartments of the old sideboard was exclusively appropriated by Martha as a receptacle for her rags. As soon as her bag was filled it was emptied into this place, to be thence transferred to the paper-mill, the proceeds from which was scrupulously dropped into her poor-box. The little closet was now almost full, and afforded a nice hiding-place for Queen Mary, into the very center of which I unceremoniously thrust her, with the little hymn-book still hanging about her neck, for the Romish Queen was supposed to be very fond of Methodist hymns. We played for an hour and my doll was yet undiscovered, when grandma summoned us down stairs to a nice little luncheon she had prepared for us. Just as we were finishing papa stopped in his buggy to drive me home. Overjoyed with the prospect of a drive all



alone with him, I was about to commit the unnatural act of forgetting my own child, when Katie called out, 'Do tell me where you hid her, Emily.' 'O, papa!' said I, 'Queen Mary; I can not go without her.' 'I am afraid her Majesty will have to stay behind, to-day,' said my father, 'I am in a desperate hurry, she is in a safe place, and you can get her the next time you come.' So I cried out to Katie, 'I won't tell you where she is; it is such a grand hiding-place; I'll come on Monday; good-by.'

"When we reached home I found some friends who staid with us over Sunday, and on Monday, in the fulfillment of an old promise, I went home with them to Goodale, a pleasant place in the country, where I remained several days, returning just in time for my accustomed weekly visit to grandma's. Of course Katie and I lost no time in visiting our old haunt, and as we ascended the steep stairway uttered many lamentations over Queen Mary's lengthened imprisonment. 'Poor thing!' said I, 'if I had known I should be away so long I would have told you where she was, Katie. The darling will be quite pale for want of fresh air.' But not paler than we were, could she have been, when on opening the sideboard we found it empty—rags and all had disappeared. 'O, Emily!' said Katie, 'I know now, Martha sold the rags on Monday.' Great was Martha's consternation when she discovered our loss. 'Dear hearts,' said she, 'what shall I do? The rag-woman put her big bag down and brushed all the rags into it in a heap; of course she did n't see the doll, and I do n't even know where she lives; but I'll question every rag-woman I see in the street, depend upon that, honey.' With this very faint hope of recovering my lost treasure I was obliged to content myself, but my grief was deep and sincere. I had had the doll ever since I was quite a little girl, and her identity had become as perfect in our home as my own.

"About two weeks after this occurrence Martha Matthews walked into mamma's sitting-room with the salutation, 'Good news, Miss Emily, good news; I've found Queen Mary.' 'You dear, good old soul,' said I, jumping up and hugging her, 'how did you find her? where is she? why did n't you bring her home?' 'Please stop a bit, miss, and let me answer one question at a time. You see as I was the means of your losing her it has been heavy on my conscience ever since, and whenever I walked out I went through all the byways and alleys of the town in search of the rag-woman. This morning I had an errand for your grandma on Court-street, and as I was passing a little, low frame building, what should I see held up at one of the dingy window-panes, by a little thin hand, but Queen Mary in her purple silk gown and swan's-down trimming! Of course I knocked at the door instantly, and when it was opened by a pale, neat-looking woman, I stood perfectly dumb, not at all knowing what to say or how to tell my errand; and as I was stammering out something about the doll at the window, a little, weak voice called out, 'O, let her come in, mother, she wants to see my pretty doll!' I stepped into the room, and there, on a low bed under the window, lay a little sick girl. She was white as the driven snow, and with the most beautiful, large, dark eyes I ever looked upon. And

it needed only one glance to assure me that they would not look long upon any earthly object. One arm was thrown around Queen Mary, and open on the pillow beside her was your little hymn-book. I took my seat by the bed, and after making some inquiries about the child's sickness, I learnt their history from the mother. She was a widow, having buried her husband and one other child with the same disease which was now claiming a third victim. She supports herself and this little one by sewing; and she said she did not know how she could have lived through the last winter but for the kindness of a rag-picker, who occupies the back part of the house. "It was she who gave me this pretty doll and dear little book," interrupted the sick child, "but she said she got it through mistake, and may be some one would come for it some day. I hope you have n't, have you?" And as she spoke she hugged the little thing closer to her with such a beseeching look that I had not the heart to say I wanted it. And so I told her all about you, and Katie, and the Queens, and I said if your mamma would let me I would bring you to see her. And so, Miss Emily, that is the reason I did n't bring Queen Mary home.' 'And you are a dear, kind woman for not doing so,' said I. 'The poor, little sick girl, how glad I am that Queen Mary has been a comfort to her!'

"On the following day Katie and I, with little baskets well filled with delicacies, and with bouquets of the sweetest flowers our gardens afforded, set out with Martha to make the promised visit. We found the little Amy much worse; she had passed a restless night, and her poor mother was almost overcome with grief and watching. As we approached the bed Amy extended her little, wasted hand, and in a whisper said, 'Thank you for leaving the doll with me, but I think I love the little book best to-day; it tells me about heaven. Do you know I am going there very soon?' and the dark eyes lighted up with a radiance which only a foretaste of heaven's glory could have given. After a few minutes she said, 'The nurse told me you could sing these hymns; please do?' In as firm a voice as we could command, Katie and I obeyed; and after listening awhile with an expression of intense delight, the little eyelids dropped and Amy sank into a sweet slumber, the first she had enjoyed, her mother said, for the last twenty-four hours.

"The next day proved very stormy, and not till the following one could we venture out to see the little object of our deep sympathy. When we reached the widow's humble dwelling, we gently pushed open the door and stood in the presence of a great grief, for little Amy slept 'the sleep that knows no waking.' We placed the flowers we had brought for her in her little waxen hand; it was a pleasure to the mother to see them there; but Amy was in that happy land,

"Where everlasting spring abides  
And never fading flowers."

"After the funeral I took home Queen Mary and the little hymn-book, which were ever after among my most sacred relics, although," said Mrs. Grant, in conclusion, "truth obliges me to tell you, that in imitation of her illustrious namesake, Queen Mary met

with an ignominious death by being beheaded under the rocker of my little brother's chair."

"Thank you, mamma," said Cora, "for the story. If it do not answer for the 'Sideboard,' it has at least given us a pleasant hour."

R. M. F.

**THE ADOPTED SON.**—A mother buried her little boy. He was three years old, and a darling boy to his parents. His mother's heart was almost broken. Like poor Rachel of old, she almost refused to be comforted. God took her little boy, and she knew he had a right to take him, but she wished he had taken her also. Yet God knew best.

One day her husband thought he would bring home something to comfort her. What was it? Another little boy, just the age of the little boy who died. He had no father or mother—he was an orphan; and as he had no mother, and this poor mother had no little one, the good man hoped they would be mother and son to each other. When she first saw him, she looked and looked at him, and then, with a tear in her eye, told Sophy to take him away and give him some supper.

Sophy gave him some supper, and after supper she took him to bed with her. "Are you my mamma?" asked the little boy, when Sophy lay down by his side. "No," said Sophy, "but I shall love you dearly, I know." "Then I's not found my dead mamma?" said the little boy; "mans said I see my mamma dis place." "Not your dead mamma," said Sophy. "Dead mamma under ground," said the little boy; "but mans say I see my mamma dis place." "Perhaps you will," said Sophy, "to-morrow or some time." "I wish to-morrow would come," said the little boy. "You must go to sleep now," said Sophy.

The little boy clasped his hands together upon his breast, shut his eyes, and said softly,

"Lord Jesus take me to thy breast,  
And bless me, that I may be blest;  
Both when I wake, and when I sleep,  
Thy little lamb in safety keep."

The next morning, after breakfast, Philly—for the little boy's name was Philip—had the blocks to play with in the sitting-room; they were the very blocks the little boy who died used to play with. Towser, the great black dog, came in and smelled him all over, and then lay down beside him, with his nose between his fore-paws looking at him. The lady was in the room. She was sitting on a cricket before the fire. She was crying; the big tears rolled slowly down her cheeks. Philly looked round and saw her. He left his blocks, and went up to her, and said in a little kind tone, "What for you kie?" "Because I've lost my little boy," she answered, "and I've no little boy to love me." "Can't Philly be your little boy?" he asked, turning up his face full of tender concern. "I love you; you kie no more."

The poor woman took the little boy in her arms, and pressed him to her bosom. She kissed him, and wiped her eyes and smiled, and kissed him again. "You my mamma, I find," he said; "mans said I find my mamma."

"Yes, Philly," she answered, kissing him again, "I will be your mother, and you shall be my dear boy." And from that sweet hour the poor mother felt her heart beginning to heal of its sore wound.

She put Philip to bed that night as she used to put her own little boy that died. "You pray, mamma?" he asked her as he was undressed and stood by her knee in his white night-gown, looking like her little boy in heaven, as she thought. She kneeled down with him by her side and she thanked God for his great goodness in giving this poor little orphan to her motherly charge to help to make her heart and home whole again. After she finished Philly prayed, and added of his own accord, "Please bless my mamma, and mans took me here, my papa, and all, for Christ's sake." When he gave his good-night kiss to his new mamma, "You kie no more, mamma," he said. And as she watched by his side till he went to sleep, she again thanked God for her little adopted son.

#### CHARLIE IN HEAVEN—A POEM FOR CHILDREN.

I WAS so young when Charlie died,  
How could I ever know  
'T was such a sad and solemn thing  
To lie and slumber so!

We ran among the clover-blooms,  
We watched the shadows creep,  
Till Charlie's feet were tired of play,  
And so he fell asleep.

They laid his hands across his breast,  
With pale flowers in their hold,  
And said the lamb had gone to rest  
Within the upper fold.

The tears upon his baby brow  
Fell down like summer rain  
For well they knew the blessed child  
Would never wake again.

The autumn wind above his grave  
A mournful music makes,  
And winter rains come slanting down,  
But Charlie never wakes.

And when at night the angry clouds  
Are blown across the skies,  
I listen through the loneness dark,  
But Charlie never cries.

So when I bless the Lord above  
For all his mercies given,  
I'll thank him more than all besides  
For Charlie up in heaven.

E. C. H.

**ON EARTH AND IN HEAVEN.**—A few weeks ago our little Ella passed over the Jordan of death, in her sixth year, and now knows how beautiful heaven is. The day before she died her little sisters coming into the room she looked on them intently and sadly a moment, and said, "Ma, you will only have two little girls when I'm dead, will you? Yes you will, ma; you will have two daughters in heaven and two here, and brother Charley is in heaven. Ma, you will still have five children, won't you?—three in heaven and two here." We miss her in the family circle here, but she is a part of our family at home in heaven.

T. A. G.

**WEAD A STORY.**—Little Gussa is about two years and a half old. Seated in her little chair one day with a book in her hand and an almanac lying on the floor at her feet, she said to her mother, "I doin to wead you a story," and then suddenly throwing the book down and seizing the almanac said, "Vate I see what time sun turns down."

J. W. S.

**OUT OF THE APPLE-TREE.**—As soon as our little Emma and Ella were large enough to receive instruction, I began to give them Bible history orally. Having taught them the events that occurred in the garden of Eden—the eating of the forbidden fruit, etc., I had occasion to catechise them thus: "What great event took place in the garden of Eden?" "The fall of man." "What did he fall from?" Little Ella quickly responded, "Out o' the apple-tree, I spect."

J. M. R.

## Wayside Gleanings.

**THE OLDEST PAINTING IN THE WORLD.**—When Napoleon asked a painter for what he was painting the artist replied, "For immortality, sire."

"But how long will a painting last!" inquired the Emperor.

"Three or four hundred years if preserved with care and no accident happens."

"And that is what you call immortality," said the Emperor bitterly.

We were reminded of this the other day on seeing the statement that the oldest painting in the world is a Madonna and child, painted A. D. 886. The oldest in England is said to be the portrait of Chaucer, painted in panel in the early part of the fourteenth century. Such is the immortality of the artist. Thank heaven that a nobler awaits the Christian!

**HOW WE RUN THE MACHINE.**—The following is too true a picture of life as it is now lived. It was drawn from the very depths of personal experience, the writer being himself a retired business man:

"I am convinced that the machine is run too closely, too intently, and under too high pressure; first to make a *living*, then to make a *position*, then to make an *estate*, and, alas! then because it is fit for nothing else. The mind is distorted from a natural channel and *confined* to an unnatural one till both mind and body, like unoiled machinery, run to their own destruction. Each man looks forward to that 'rest' that is in store for him. Toiling on, toiling ever; like the inebriate, he is the slave of his own passion self-created, and when he proposes to strike off the shackles, the music of their rattles is like that of the toy of his childhood, his only joy.

"If in the picture you can see what surrounds you and the features are not attractive, think you the mortality is to be escaped by others who breathe the same atmosphere? '*Cave tu brute!*' While the affections are fresh, the impulses are natural, and the thoughts are not *absorbed* by commercial pursuits, surround yourself with influences calculated to counteract the centralizing tendencies of *trade*, to lessen the appetite for *accumulation*.

'What though he wade in wealth or soar in fame,  
Earth's highest tribute ends in "here he lies,"  
And "dust to dust" concludes the noblest song.'

**THE CHINESE AND THE AMERICANS.**—We are indebted to a missionary in the land of "tea" for the following contrast between the Chinese and the Americans. We do not recollect ever before reading a chapter of such striking "specific differences:"

"The Chinese parents select the wives for their sons, and decide whom their daughters shall marry. Their badge of mourning is white, and their funeral cards are written with blue ink. They mourn for the dead by proxy, and select a burying-place for the departed by the aid of one who makes that his profession. We read horizontally; they perpendicularly.

We read from left to right; they from right to left. We uncover the head as a mark of respect; they put on their caps. We black-ball our boots; they white-wash theirs. We compress the waist; they the feet. We give the place of honor on the right; they on the left. We speak of north-west; they of west-north. We say the needle of the compass points north; they to the south. We shake the hand of a friend in salutation; they shake their own. We locate the understanding in the brain; they in the belly. Our officials designate their office or rank by a star on the breast or epaulets on their shoulders; they by a button on the apex of their caps. We page our books on the top; they on the margin. We print on both sides of the leaf; they upon one. We place our foot notes at the bottom; they at the top of the page. We mark the title of a book on the back of the binding; they on the margin of the leaf. In our libraries we set our volumes up; they lay theirs down. We keep our wives in the parlor; they keep theirs in the kitchen. We put our daughters to school; they put theirs to service. We propel our canal boats by horses and steam; they pull theirs by men. We take our produce to market by railroad; they take theirs on men's shoulders. We saw lumber and grind flour by steam and water power; they do it by human muscle. We turn a thousand spindles and fly a thousand shuttles without a single hand to propel; they employ a hand for each. We print by a power-press and metal type; they on wooden blocks with a hand-brush. We worship God; they offer incense to the devil."

**USE OF PAPER IN JAPAN.**—Captain Osborn, in his notes of his cruise in the Japanese waters, thus speaks of the uses to which paper is put by those ingenious people:

"It was wonderful to see the thousand useful as well as ornamental purposes to which paper was applicable in the hands of these industrious and tasteful people; papier-maché manufacturers as well as continental ones should go to Yedo to learn what can be done with paper. We saw it made into material so closely resembling Russian and Morocco leather and pig-skin that it is very difficult to detect the difference. With the aid of lacker-varnish and skillful painting, paper made excellent trunks, tobacco-bags, cigar-cases, saddles, telescope-cases, the frames of microscopes, and we even saw and used excellent water-proof coats made of simple paper, which did keep out the rain, and were as supple as the best Mackintosh. The Japanese use neither silk nor cotton handkerchiefs, towels, or dusters; paper in their hands serves as an excellent substitute. It is soft, thin, tough, of a pale yellow color, very plain and very cheap. The inner walls of many a Japanese apartment are formed of paper, being nothing more than painted screens; their windows are covered with a fine translucent description of the same material;



it enters largely into the manufacture of nearly every thing in a Japanese household, and we saw what seemed balls of twine which were nothing but long shreds of tough paper rolled up. If a shopkeeper had a parcel to tie up he would take a strip of paper, roll it quickly between his hands, and use it for the purpose, and it was quite as strong as the ordinary string used at home. In short, without paper all Japan would come to a dead lock, and, indeed, lest by the arbitrary exercise of his authority a tyrannical husband should stop his wife's paper, the sage Japanese mothers-in-law invariably stipulate in the marriage settlement that the bride is to have allowed to her a certain quantity of paper."

**JACK AT JEDDO.**—Jack ashore at Jeddo is very much the same as Jack on "a bender" in New York. He wants his "grog," and, not being well versed in Japanese vernacular, has recourse to signs. The results are thus described by Captain Osborn:

"Jack was mightily amused with Johnny, as he called the Japanese, and the feeling was mutual, judging from the hearty laughter of the porters, priests, and policemen at the pantomime by which our men strove to make their wants understood. On one occasion turning a corner rather abruptly we found a jolly foretopman explaining by signs that he wanted something to pour down his throat that would make him dance, whereupon he cut a double shuffle and reeled about the yard. Johnny perfectly understood and repeated the performance. Jack's broad face beamed with delight. 'Yes, that 's it, grog! Come, bear a hand, my fine fellow,' he exclaimed; and, in anticipation of his wants being quickly supplied, he expressed in the strongest vernacular his high approbation of the Johnnies in general. Happily for the Johnnies we arrived in time to stay further proceedings, and, sending for Yenoske, the interpreter, we made him explain that Jack upon water, or Jack upon tea, was as harmless as a baby, but Jack in a state of grog was simply an infuriated Briton, an animal likely to mar the domestic happiness of all within the temple inclosure, and very certain to break the peace. 'Ah,' said Yenoske, 'ah, all the same as drunken Dutch sailor.' Worse, we asserted, than fifty Dutchmen. 'All the same one tiger!' suggested Yenoske, looking very serious. We told him that tigers the worse for liquor could not be more troublesome. Whereupon Yenoske explained to his countrymen the effects of grog upon our men in such strong terms that neither for love nor money could they get any thing stronger than tea, and we were happy if Jack was not."

**THE PROMISE OF BOYHOOD.**—It is remarked by grayhound fanciers that a well-formed, compact-shaped puppy never makes a fleet dog. They see more promise in the loose-jointed, awkward, and clumsy ones. So, also, in the days when cock-fighting was a fashionable pastime, game chickens that crowed too soon or too often were condemned to the spit as of no promise or ability. Mothers of "smart" boys and girls, do not take offense at us if we fail to see any particular promise for the future in

the precocity of childhood. The loose-jointed, awkward, and clumsy boy, if rightly trained, will be likely after all to outstrip them in the race.

**ECONOMIC PROVERBS.**—Since the days of poor Richard the proverbs that have circulated in almanacs about the country, and which are the most respected by farmers, are those which engender thrift and economy; it is a question whether in a too faithful adherence to proverbial injunctions of this class, people do not become mean rather than economical, close instead of moderate, lean instead of fat. Few farmers eat poultry of their own raising, but sell it and buy salt mackerel, which keeps better and lasts longer. The consequence is, that while the purse fills with the profits of fresh food, the body, for lack of it, becomes scrofulous and wastes away in consumption. Thanks to the researches of physiologists, science is getting to have more moral power than poor Richard's proverbs or an old almanac!

**SEEKING A PROFESSORSHIP.**—The following has already had wide circulation, but it will bear repeating. Father Sinclair, of the Rock River conference, is a noble living specimen of the old-time Methodist preacher. Heroic to the last degree, yet overflowing with the sunshine of genial humor. Near the close of one of the conference sessions the old man was in the midst of a group of the brethren who were conversing humorously concerning cabinet *ou dits*, etc.

"Brother Sinclair," one inquired, "where do you go next year?"

"I have casually learned," said the cheerful old man, with an unusually-serious expression of countenance, which, however, any who knew him would readily interpret as the portent of an infinite joke, "I have just learned that I go to Evanston." Our Biblical Institute is located at Evanston.

"To Evanston!" shouted half a dozen, "why, father Sinclair, what will you do at Evanston?"

"I go there, I understand, as Professor," responded the old gentleman with sphinx-like seriousness. Father Sinclair never betrayed himself in perpetrating a joke by any perturbation of countenance.

"As Professor! Professor of what, father Sinclair?" For never before had it entered into the heart of man to conceive that father Sinclair, so plain, so unambitious, was aspiring to a professorship in an institution of the highest grade.

"Professorship of religion," was the bland reply, and the old man walked majestically away, leaving the company convulsed.

**INTENTIONS WITHOUT ACTION.**—A Scotch proverb warns the weak in will, who are always hoping but never doing, that "hoppers go to hell." The German version has it thus: "The way to perdition is paved with good intentions." The same proverb is current among us in a still bolder figure: "Hell is paved with good intentions."

**RELIEF BROUGHT BY SATIRE.**—There is a relief in ridicule and good-natured satire. Laughing at the misconduct of the world will, in a great measure, ease us of any disagreeable passion about it.

## Domestic Economy.

**QUALITY OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF WOOD.**—Cold winter is upon us. The capacity of the different kinds of wood for giving heat is a question of *warmth* as well as economy to most of our readers. We subjoin the results of well-attested experiments:

Hickory.....4 cords.	Soft Maple.....7.20 cords.
White Oak.....4.75 "	Pitch Pine.....9.14 "
Hard Maple.....6.66 "	White Pine.....9.20 "

**MENDING CRACKS IN STOVES.**—Cracks in stoves are easily and effectually stopped by a paste made of ashes and salt with water. A harder and more durable cement for the same purpose is made by mixing iron filings, sal ammonia, and water.

**CUTTING AND DRYING WOOD.**—Every one who uses a wood stove has discovered that there is a great difference between the value of wood that is well or poorly dried. Most kinds of wood cut in the winter and left in large logs in the woods become more or less soured and injured. If it must be cut in the winter, let it be split as fine as will be required for use and corded up so as to shelter it. Wood, however, cut in the summer, when it will dry rapidly, is said to be far more valuable.

**HAM FOR SUMMER USE.**—Cut in slices ready to fry, pack snugly in stone jars, and cover with lard barely warm enough to run. Of course, as the meat is used the layers remaining must be kept covered. E. G.

**GREEN CORN FOR WINTER USE.**—Cut raw from the cob, pack in any thing convenient, stone or wood, a layer of corn a half an inch in thickness, and a layer of salt not quite so thick, and so on till your dish is full, covering the whole with salt. When wanted for use, soak in clear water twelve or fourteen hours and cook as in summer.

The above you will find always handy and always good. Without the trouble of sealing and unsealing, you can use little or much, and what remains will keep sweet as ever. E. G.

**HOW TO MAKE LEMON PIES.**—Two lemons, four eggs, two spoonfuls melted butter, eight spoonfuls white sugar. Squeeze the juice and grate the rind of the lemon. Stir together the yolks, sugar, butter, juice, and rind. Cover a plate with pastry, pour the mixture in and bake till the pastry is done. Then beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, stir into it four spoonfuls of sugar, put it on the pie, and place it into the oven till a delicate brown. This quantity makes two common-sized pies. NANCY.

**PLUM PUDDING.**—Three cups of bread crumbs, one cup of flour, one of brown sugar, one of finely-chopped suet, one of chopped raisins, one of milk, a little salt, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar. Boil from three to four hours in a cloth or mold. NANCY.

**DELICIOUS CORN-BREAD.**—Boil a teacup of rice. While scalding hot pour it on to little less than a quart of corn meal, four eggs well beaten, a table-spoonful of lard, a teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, and enough sour milk to make a thin batter.

NANCY.

**HOW TO PRESERVE THE TEETH.**—Let every man, woman, and child keep a little pulverized charcoal in their bedrooms, and on their retiring at night, let them put as much as can be laid on a sixpence in their mouths and work it about among the teeth with the tongue, and there will be no decayed teeth for the dentist to fill with amalgam or pure gold either.

So says an exchange, or somebody. A far better way, says another exchange, is, to follow nature, keep the teeth clean by using them in mastication, and not throw such work of assimilation on the stomach; use no hot or cold drinks; preserve the general health, and the teeth will take care of themselves and do a good business in taking care of you.

**HOW TO MAKE PASTE.**—Too numerous to mention are the little conveniences of having a little flour paste always at hand, as those made of any of the gums impart a glaze to printed matter, and make it rather difficult to read. Dissolve a teaspoonful of alum in a quart of warm water, and when cold stir in as much flour as will give it the consistency of thick cream, being particular to beat up all the lumps, then stir in as much powdered resin as will stand on a dime, then throw in half a dozen cloves, merely to give a pleasant odor. Next, have a vessel on the fire which has a teacupful or more of boiling water, pour the flour mixture on the *boiling* water, stir it well all the time; in a very few minutes it will be of the consistency of mush; pour it out into an earthen or china vessel, let it cool, lay a cover on it, and put in a cool place. It will keep for months. When needed for use, take out a portion and soften it with warm water. We keep ours covered an inch or two in water to prevent the surface from drying up. Paste handled in this way will last twelve months.

**TO REVIVE GILT FRAMES.**—Beat up three ounces of the white of eggs with an ounce of soda; blow the dust from the frames with a bellows, then rub them over with a soft brush dipped in the mixture.

**WHITEWASH FOR FENCES.**—One ounce of white vitriol—sulphate of zinc—and three ounces of common salt to every three or four pounds of good fresh lime will render it durable where it is exposed to the weather.

**TO TEMPER EARTHENWARE.**—Boil earthenware that is used for baking—before using it, as it will be less liable to crack—covering it with cold water and then heating it gradually. Let it remain in till the water has cooled.

## Items, Literary, Scientific, and Religious.

**BAY OF PELUSIUM.**—This bay is the terminus, on the Mediterranean side, of the Isthmus of Suez. It appears that the set of the currents in that part of the Mediterranean is eastward, and that the solid matter brought down by the Nile is borne along in that direction and deposited at the rate of twelve feet yearly. From this it results that the places washed by the sea in Strabo's time are now eight miles inland. This conclusion also renders it doubtful whether it will be possible to establish any permanent harbor for ships at the mouth of the canal.

**STEAM LANES ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.**—Broad as the Atlantic Ocean is, the route taken by steamboats between this country and England comprehends a belt only three hundred miles wide. In 1857 there were always fourteen steamers, seven each way, plying within that belt, exclusive of man-of-war steamers; the number is doubtless greater now, whereby the chances of collision are multiplied; and seeing that the number of passengers conveyed in 1857 was 54,700, any practicable measure for diminution of the risk would be worthy of attention. Lieutenant Maury proposes a practicable measure; namely, to set off a lane twenty or twenty-five miles wide on the northern edge of the belt for steamships going west, and a similar lane on the southern edge for those going east, leaving all the middle space, one hundred and fifty miles in width, for sailing-ships. Were this proposal followed, it is clear that steamers could never meet, though they might overtake each other; and this latter contingency would be an advantage, because, in case of accident, a disabled vessel would be sure of assistance within a few hours. When once such lanes are properly laid down on the charts, a sailing-ship, if compelled to cross them, would do so as quickly as possible, and would know on what side to look for danger. The fate of the Arctic, Pacific, and Tempest is not yet forgotten; had the steam-lanes been followed three years ago, it is probable that those terrible wrecks would not have been attended by so great a loss of life.

**SELF-REGISTERING ATMOSPHERIC APPARATUS.**—Father Secchi, of the Observatory at Rome, has constructed a self-registering apparatus, by which the barometer, anemometer, thermometer, and ombrometer all write their own records on the same sheet of paper, by which a real advantage is gained in the comparison of observations, and in judging of the approach of storms and their accompanying phenomena. It already appears that a change in the height is attended by a proportional transport of the atmosphere; by the passage, in fact, of an atmospheric wave.

**AN ANTIQUARIAN RELIC.**—Twenty years ago an engraved stone was found in a tumulus near Wheeling, Ohio, and proved for some time a complete puzzle to archaeologists; but the characters are now known to

be those in use among the Berbers, and M. Jomard says their purport is in the ancient Libyan idiom, which, according to Herodotus, was spoken all over northern Africa.

**EFFECT OF THE SPOTS ON THE SUN.**—An English astronomer says the new spot now appearing on the disc of the sun is about 60,000 miles in diameter. Of the effect of these spots he says that from about five hundred recorded observations which he made from April, 1848, to April, 1852, he is convinced that these spots or holes exercise an immediate influence on the temperature of our atmosphere. He finds that when there is a large spot on the sun there is a feeling of increased heat from the sun, which is confirmed by the thermometer.

**FOSSIL FOOTMARKS.**—The first of these was found in the valley of the Connecticut river in 1835. Since that time no less than one hundred and nineteen species of animals have been distinguished and described from their footprints, some of them of unheard-of size. Specimens of the tracks of every species but one, are preserved in the Appleton Cabinet at Amherst College.

**A WATER METER** has been invented and patented by a grandson of Professor Silliman. It is said to be perfectly accurate—not only measuring a definite portion of a stream, but is so adjusted as to work truly even where there is a varying force or velocity in the stream.

**MORALS AND RELIGION IN TEXAS.**—Our readers are already posted about the attempted mobbing of Bishop Janes and the Texas conference. Also the subsequent efforts to drive Methodist preachers by mob violence out of the state. A few days since we noticed that another preacher, Rev. Solomon M'Kinney, was ordered out of the state for the offense of speaking against slavery. In close connection was the following beautiful commentary on the condition of morals in the state where such acts of violence are done—nay, even headed by Church members: Judge Buckley, in a recent charge to the grand jury of the district court of Galveston, presented a most deplorable state of morals in Texas. Among other things he said there was no country inhabited by the Anglo-Saxon race in which there was so little regard to law and order as in Texas, and continued: "During the four years that I have been on the bench there have been between fifty and sixty cases of murder before me; and if in each of the twelve judicial districts in the state there has been a like number, then there have been upward of six hundred cases of murder in four years, showing a state of things unequalled in any country; and that of these six hundred cases, not six of them had been found guilty by the jury before whom they were tried. It is not possible to suppose that, in all these cases, there was a deficiency in evidence, and the only conclusion to which



I can arrive is, that the jurors must have forgotten or disregarded their oaths."

**MISSION WORK IN CHINA.**—The Rev. R. S. MacLay says of the mission at Fuh-Chau, "The good work is spreading also into the country towns and villages. This portion of our work is rapidly assuming proportions of unexpected magnitude and importance. I feel inclined indeed to designate as something remarkable the spread of this revival influence through the country around Fuh-Chau. The fact is so unprecedented in our operations here that we find ourselves straitened for means and appliances to meet the emergency. Some thirty persons have given us their names as candidates for baptism, and declare that they have renounced idolatry, and are determined to spend their lives in the service of God. I can not express to you the joy I experience in view of this blessed state of things, and my constant prayer is that God would give us wisdom to meet the claims of this time of refreshing. Pray for us! Ask the Church to pray for us, and for the cause of Christ in this heathen land."

**BIG TREE GROVE** occupies a level plateau in the Sierra Mountains, at a level of 4,500 feet above tide-water. The "grove" covers only fifty acres, and numbers only ninety-four of these monsters. The trees are of a species unknown except in California, and are called *sequoia gigantea*. It is estimated, from the rings or layers, that the largest of these trees are not less than three thousand years old. The largest of these trees—now blown down—has a circumference of one hundred and ten feet, or over thirty-three feet diameter, and had attained the enormous height of four hundred and fifty feet! Most of the ninety-four exceed three hundred feet in height, and few of them have limbs less than one hundred and some not under two hundred feet from the ground. One, by a process of boring, was cut down in 1853. Its stump, seven feet from the ground, measures thirty feet in diameter. The bark on some of the larger trees is nearly two feet thick. The wood is of a red color like the cedar. Taken altogether, these giants of the forest exhibit the most remarkable phenomenon of the vegetable world.

**NEW ARRANGEMENT FOR LIGHT.**—Doctor Smith, of Rochester, has just perfected a new arrangement for light, which is reported to be far superior to the celebrated Drummond light. The light has been placed on one of the locomotives of the Central railroad, and an experimental trip made a few nights since. The track was perfectly visible from the machine for a distance of from twelve to fifteen hundred feet, so that the slightest obstruction could have readily been discerned by the engineer. It was found that a man with optics of ordinary power could, solely by the light reflected from the lamp, readily read a newspaper printed in ordinary type a full quarter of a mile from the locomotive. This seems incredible, but it is literally true. The distance was carefully measured by a professional engineer who was in the party.

**LIQUID QUARTZ.**—A discovery of a mode of liquefying flint and quartz has been announced, and is said to be brought to such a degree of perfection that

it can be made of great practical value. The liquid flint and quartz is applied like varnish, with a brush, and can be used on any thing that is desired to be made incombustible, and can be put into the paint used on houses. It can be dissolved in water, and makes a water-proof cement. Any color or form may be given it, even that of the precious stones. It will make sandstone as solid as marble, and make marble pure and white. Thus imitations of marble of the finest quality can be made at very slight cost, compared with the real stone, and will be just as beautiful and durable. Artists are especially excited about the discovery, as it will enable them to varnish a clay model with the dissolved quartz, colored to imitate marble, and thus make a statue without the labor of chiseling a huge hard stone for months.

**MISSIONARY APPROPRIATIONS.**—The General Committee of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at its late annual meeting, made the following appropriations for the current year:

Africa .....	\$21,265
Bulgaria.....	5,000
Scandinavia.....	5,570
India .....	32,000
China.....	24,046
Foreign German.....	14,088
South America.....	1,000
Sandwich Islands.....	500
Total for the foreign work.....	\$104,159
American Domestic.....	84,235
Foreign population other than German, that is, Scandinavian, Welsh, and French.....	12,375
Indian.....	6,650
German.....	45,750
Incidental expenses, that is, Insurance, Freight, Printing, etc.....	10,000
To liquidate existing debt.....	5,500
Office expenses and salaries.....	5,600
Contingent upon unforeseen emergencies.....	10,000

Making a total appropriation of.....\$283,669

This is an increase of \$22,113 upon the appropriation for last year.

**A NOVEL WORK.**—A considerable piece of engineering has just been completed in southern France. It is the excavation of a subterranean communication from the Lake Blen, a beautiful little sheet of water, the charm of that fashionable watering-place, to the river Adour. The Lake has an area of only one hundred and twenty acres, but it is 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, and very deep, and it is estimated that a stratum of seventy feet deep may be taken off during the summer months for the purposes of irrigation along the banks of the Adour. The tunnel was run under the bottom of the Lake, and up to within a few yards of its bed, where a large room was excavated, into which communication was made by submarine blasting, charges of from sixty to one hundred and twenty pounds being let down to the bottom of the Lake.

**WARM WEATHER IN ENGLAND.**—The London papers note the great heat of the weather and the unusual prevalence of the aurora borealis. On October 4th the thermometer rose to 77½° in the shade and 93° in the sun. On the 5th it stood at 73° in the shade. The heat on the 4th was greater than in any October for the last sixty years. The nearest approach to it was in 1802, when it reached 75°. The aurora does not seem to have elevated the temperature of our atmosphere. We have had very early and severe frosts.

## Literary Notices.

**GOLD FOIL, HAMMERED FROM POPULAR PROVERBS.** By Timothy Titcomb, author of "Letters to the Young." Fifth edition. New York: Charles Scribner. 12mo. Pp. 358. For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co., Cincinnati.—This is a queer title, but it aptly expresses the design and character of the work. Each article, twenty-eight in number, is headed by a popular proverb, and the discussion throughout bears the unmistakable imprint of thought and strong common-sense. It deals plainly on some of the most important concerns and duties of practical life.

**THE STUDENT'S HUME; A History of England from the Earliest Times to the Revolution in 1688.** By David Hume. Abridged. Incorporating the Corrections and Researches of recent Historians; and continued down to the year 1858. Illustrated by engravings on wood. Large 12mo. Pp. 789. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—No criticism is now necessary to ascertain the position of Hume as a historian. This work, says the Preface, is designed to supply a long-acknowledged want in our school and college literature—a Student's History of England in a volume of moderate size, free from sectarian and party prejudice, containing the results of the best modern historians, tracing more particularly the development of the British Constitution, and bringing out prominently the characters and actions of the great men of the country.

**SERMONS FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.** Edited by Rev. Thomas P. Akers, A. M., with an Introduction by Rev. L. R. Thayer, A. M. 12mo. Pp. 511. Price, \$1. Boston: B. B. Russell.—This is a series of twenty-four select sermons by ministers of different denominations. The selection seems to be very judicious and the sermons well adapted to their purpose. Bishops Soule, Kavanaugh, and Simpson, and Rev. George W. Smiley and Rev. D. S. Doggett, D. D., appear in the volume. The Introduction is chastely written, and adds permanent value to the volume.

**REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.** By Rev. G. C. Baldwin, D. D. New York: Blakeman & Mason. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. Pp. 338. Price, \$1.—The work of Mr. Emerson, "Representative Men," suggested the plan of this. The "Representative Men of the New Testament" are, 1. John the Baptist, the Herald Preacher. 2. Herod, the Sensual Man. 3. Peter, the Impulsive Man. 4. Judas, the Avaricious Man. 5. John, the Beloved Man. 6. Thomas, the Doubter. 7. Nicodemus, the Religious Inquirer. 8. Ananias, the Liar. 9. Stephen, the Martyr Deacon. 10. The Nameless Moral Young Man. 11. Agrippa, the Almost-Christian. 12. The Jailer, or the Converted Man. 13. Paul, the Great Man. These are themes for so many lectures, delivered in regular course by the author to his people. Whatever facts the Scripture has recorded concerning each man, and whatever

could be gathered from reliable sources, are woven into a biographical sketch. Then the character is analyzed so as to make apparent its representative element. And finally practical lessons are deduced from each. A strong, earnest, practical purpose is manifest throughout the volume.

**WOMEN ARTISTS IN ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES.** By Mrs. Ellet. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. Pp. 377.—Mrs. Ellet is well known as the author of "The Women of the Revolution" and other works of popular value. She has here gathered a series of biographical sketches that will serve to illustrate the genius of woman. It reviews the artistic labors of women in ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome, as well as in countries since the dawn of modern art, together with the causes that have retarded or promoted her elevation in different ages. Books of this class have an unmistakable and permanent value. How much nobler does woman appear when we study her character and capabilities as revealed in this truthful portraiture than when seen as displayed in the sentimental novel or the fashionable drawing-room! This book really honors woman.

**CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA; A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People, on the Basis of the latest edition of the German Conversations Lexicon.** Illustrated by wood engravings and maps. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—This will probably be the cheapest encyclopedia published. It is issued in numbers of sixty large double octavo pages at fifteen cents each, and will be completed in about eighty numbers.

**THE DAY-SPRING; or, Union Collection of Songs for the Sanctuary.** Compiled by Sylvester Main, from the already published works of the late I. B. Woodbury, as well as from much choice manuscript Music found in his portfolio at his death. Together with copious contributions from the great living authors. New York: Carlton & Porter.—The memory of Mr. Woodbury is fondly cherished in the hearts of the lovers of music in this country. The book before us is in some sort a memorial of him, as it contains all his favorite and most popular pieces. Other musical composers, and among them Mr. Bradbury, have also contributed to this work. It is done up in the usual singing-book style.

**HARRY LEE; OR, HOPE FOR THE POOR.** With eight illustrations. 12mo. Pp. 381. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.—This story was originally written for the inmates of the Newsboys' Lodging-House in New York city, and read to them by the superintendent. It is a simple tale well told, and its original reading had a permanent effect upon many of the boys for whom it was composed. Perhaps the reading of it may kindle the spark of ambition in the heart of many an outcast boy and raise him also to comfort and respectability in life.

**A GOOD FIGHT, AND OTHER TALES.** By Charles Reade, author of "Love me Little, Love me Long." New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 12mo. Pp. 341. For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co., Cincinnati.

**THE PHYSIOLOGY OF COMMON LIFE.** By George Henry Lewes, author of "Seaside Studies," "Life of Goethe," etc. In two volumes. Volume I. 8vo. Pp. 368. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Rickey, Mallory & Co., Cincinnati.—This is a curious and deeply-interesting work. The reader will find here the mysterious philosophy of physical life explained and illustrated. In fact, it brings that philosophy into close connection with every-day life and experience. Hunger and thirst, food and drink, digestion and indigestion, the structure and uses of our blood, its circulation, its history, course, and causes, respiration, and suffocation, are the principal subjects discussed in this volume.

**A LIFE FOR A LIFE.** By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," "A Hero," "Agatha's Husband," "The Head of the Family," etc. 12mo. Pp. 396. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—This is pronounced to be, in many respects, one of the best of Miss Mulock's novels. We have not read it.

**SERMONS, PREACHED AND REVISED.** By Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Sixth series. 12mo. Pp. 450. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—No stronger evidence of the remarkable genius with which Mr. Spurgeon is gifted need be required than the fact that the issue of so many volumes of sermons from his pen has not exhausted the public interest. The "sixth series" is as eagerly sought after as the first. The American publishers say in their advertisement, that these sermons are published in this book precisely as it came from the hand of the author, with the revisions marked by his own pen, without a passage or word omitted or added. It is accompanied with a handsome engraving of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, London, facing the title-page.

**ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS FOR 1860.** Illustrated with one hundred and eighty engravings. Albany, New York: Luther Tucker & Son.—This is the sixth issue of this useful little annual. It would occupy a page to describe the range of its topics. It is sent by mail, postage prepaid, for twenty-five cents for the single copy, or \$2 per dozen. The same publishers issue "The Country Gentleman," an excellent weekly, devoted to agricultural, artistic, and family affairs.

**QUACKENBOS'S NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.** 12mo. Pp. 450. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—Mr. Quackenbos is the author of several popular school books. The slight examination we have been able to make of the work before us has left a very favorable impression concerning it. It embraces the most recent discoveries in the various branches of physics, and also exhibits the application of scientific principles to every-day life. The illustrations scattered profusely along its pages are admirable, and go very far toward supplying the lack

which is found in most schools of apparatus for illustration. The style of its getting up is faultless.

**BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE** for October contains eight articles; namely, "Captain J. H. Speke's Discoveries in Central Africa;" "Horse-Dealing in Syria, Part Second;" "The Luck of Ladysmede;" "Mountaineering;" "The Seaside in the Papal States;" "Breton Ballads;" "The Legend of Barney O'Carroll," and "Sir William Hamilton." The work is republished in this country by Leonard Scott & Co., of New York, who also republish the Edinburgh, North British, and Westminster Reviews.

**MINUTES OF CONFERENCES.**—1. Delaware. Bishop Morris, President; Professor William L. Harris, Secretary. 8vo. Pp. 88. 2. Illinois. Bishop Simpson, President; Vincent Ridgely, Secretary. Pp. 44. 3. Southern Illinois. Bishop Ames, President; Moses Shepherd, Secretary. Pp. 34. The above are admirably gotten up.

**ONEIDA CONFERENCE SEMINARY.**—The thirty-fourth annual Catalogue gives the following summary: Gentlemen, 266; ladies, 236. Total, 502. Rev. E. G. Andrews, A. M., Principal, assisted by nine teachers.

**ASYLUMS FOR INEBRIATES; or, Drunkenness, its Nature and Cure.** An address delivered before the Ohio State Medical Society at its annual session, June, 1859. By M. B. Wright, M. D.—This is one of the ablest addresses we have ever read on the subject of temperance. The arguments in favor of asylums for inebriates are invincible. The wide dissemination of this pamphlet would contribute largely to bring about this needed reform.

**THE MINISTER'S WOOING.** By Mrs. H. B. Stowe.—We have tried to read this work—in fact, nearly succeeded. We confess that we have some fear that the risibles of our readers will be somewhat excited at our expense; nevertheless, we will make the frank confession that it proved to us "rather dull reading." Some of the characters are well drawn and amusing enough. Other characters are deservedly exposed to scorn and contempt. The gilded veneering of the surface is peeled off, and the jagged, repulsive interior exposed. Yet, leaving out of the account the grave historical inaccuracies, the impropriety of handling things once held sacred in a manner that only half conceals the underlying scoff, and the doubtful theology which more than once crops out—we say, leaving all these things out of the account, we could not but feel that the production of this book never stirred up the very soul of its author as did the production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There was genuine sympathy, giving rise to thoughts that gushed forth from the soul—thoughts that came burning hot. We will add no more. Indeed, we might have spared ourselves saying this after the verdict of the press has already been made up in favor of the work. But somehow we like to express our own impressions.

**CAROLINA SPORTS.** By Land and Water. Including incidents of devil-fishing, wild-cat, deer, and bear-hunting, etc. By the Hon. William Elliott, of South Carolina. 12mo. Pp. 292. New York: Derby & Jackson. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Notice next month.



## New York Literary Correspondence.

Tendency of the Literature of the age—Saxe—His Poetry—  
The Schiller Festival—Quackenbos's English Composition—  
The Methodist Quarterly.

WHAT is the drift of the literature of the age? is a question often asked, and, perhaps, as often answered quite confidently, but not always with a just appreciation of the subject. What are its characteristics, and what facts are exercising a marked influence upon it? are kindred questions that may be answered equally flippantly by the superficial, but which the thoughtful will ponder well, and then, probably, answer only reservedly and interrogatively. There are times when communities, whether great or small, become oppressed with a pervading sense of some generally-known or suspected fact which nobody ventures to name. The far-gone and still-increasing irregularities of the sole heir of some great family may be patent to all, but is not once named in the household. The fall of a loved daughter may be known beyond question or concealment, but it is not spoken of nor even alluded to in the family. The terrible secret is shut up in each burdened heart, where it corrupts and corrodes with a fearful fatality; all the more fearful because of the vainly-attempted concealment. Now, if I am not mistaken this is just the state of things in the great world in which we are living, that a consciousness, more or less vided, of a dreaded condition of affairs, and of tendencies toward most undesired results, alike fearful and inevitable, oppresses the public mind and casts its shadow upon the literature of the age. The evidence that the frame-work of society as built up in former times is falling into ruins, and that a new order of things is forcing itself into the place of old prescriptions, and wresting the scepter of social dominion from those who have long held it and transferring it to others, is too plain and demonstrative to admit of rational doubt. But people are very slow to be convinced of what they especially desire should not be true, and often when the evidence becomes too strong to admit of further controversy the unwelcome truth is sullenly ignored. Hence our cotemporary literature, which is but the recorded utterances of the times, passes over in silence some of the distinguishing phenomena of the age.

The divinities of modern civilization are also the demons of revolution. These, armed with the great forces of nature, made available by art, with steam and gunpowder and their appliances, and with the printing-press to give ubiquity to thought, and above all with the Bible to give character to thought, are going forth to pull down and to build. Progress is necessarily destructive of the past, and, therefore, all real improvement must be accomplished in spite of "the powers that be." Vested rights are the natural enemies of change, while natural rights, because their claims have never been duly respected, are steadily demanding new adjustments of the social fabric. This conflict—perpetual and self-perpetua-

ting—is now very evidently in one of its occasional crises, which, indeed, threatens to bring about wide changes. The coming of this phantom has long been seen, and the public mind has become deeply, though in many cases unconsciously, oppressed with the conviction that a social revolution is both inevitable and imminent. But in proportion as this conviction becomes seated is there a reluctance to clothe in words the dreaded idea which all who are not blind must clearly see. Accordingly, the current literature is steadily attempting to ignore the most patent truths, and to present a picture of the age one-sided and deformed by omitting its characteristic feature. But like a reluctant witness who would conceal some great secret, but betrays it by his precautions, so it steadily and surely indicates the recognized but unconfessed presence which it labors not to see. Silence is sometimes a more dangerous tell-tale than words, and studied silence often suggests much more than words could declare, and both the silence and the utterances of the literature of the times unmistakably indicate the presence of the demon of revolution. In continental Europe it is detected in the diplomacy, and in the movements of armies, and the preparation of warlike appliances, for these means of suppression indicate a sense of danger. It is also seen in the occasional upheaving of the popular volcano, which, after gathering strength by repose, makes its periodical eruptions. Its presence is also indicated by the stifled press, the ubiquitous censorship upon spoken thought, and in literature by the ominous silence or the covert givings out of the "souls under the altar." Even some of the great rulers have sought to harness it to their own chariots, and as the mariner makes the wild ocean do his will, these invoke the aid of the demon of revolution for the accomplishment of their purposes. With us that presence is equally manifest and scarcely less dreaded. Once it was the ruling genius of the land when the car of revolution passed in triumph over its length and breadth. And now from Concord to Savannah there is scarcely a single monument reared to American patriotism that is not also a shrine for the genius of revolution. Upon the escutcheon of Virginia—"mother of states"—is a full-length portrait of that power trampling upon the demon of the past, and proclaiming its further purposes by its legend, "*sic semper tyrannis*." But now we have become a historical nation, and already the nightmare of the past is upon us, and never was national prostration more abject. And while the state bows with alacrity to receive the yoke, and the Church trembles before the mighty presence, literature abandons half its domains and consents to ignore what it dares not to utter. But literature has been a sad rebel in past ages, from the time it began to celebrate the myrtle-wrapped sword of the Athenian youths who slew the tyrant Hippias, and to expunge all its maledictions against

vested wrongs, and its praises of the glories of rebellion would sadly mar its pages and greatly diminish its volume. So too at this time there are still a hardy few who have "not defiled their garments," nor been hushed into inglorious subjection to the spirit of the times. But these are a marked class, who must be either frowned into silence or scouted beyond the circles of good society for their extravagance and outlandishness. Do we then ask for the characteristics of the literature of the age? Take from the pages of "Punch," of some years ago, soon after Louis Napoleon's famous *coup d'état*, a picture labeled "*France is quiet*"—a female figure wrapped in strong cords from head to feet, and a bandage over the mouth, with a soldier's bayonet at her breast—and we shall have a pretty fair illustration of its condition—*quoad hoc*—the enslaving power may not, of course, be named.

Lounging in a bookstore the other day, I took up a thin duodecimo of the "Ticknor & Fields" style of manufacture, and saw under the labeled title on the back the name of "Saxe." I need not tell you, Mr. Editor, why that name attracted my special attention, for you will remember both your wise correspondent and the witty Vermont poet "lang syne" when we smattered Greek and bruised mathematics together at — College. Probably you knew less of the then unfledged bard than I did, or less than either he or I knew of you, for grave "seniors" are great affairs in the eyes of freshmen, and not *vice versa*. That name, however, and much more the pictured face opposite the title-page of the book, with its curled lips, round chin, prominent nose, subaquiline, and high, retreating forehead, awakened in me a chain of memories reaching back into the dim past, and especially to the time when I first saw the original. That is a memorable day in one's life when, with a crowd of nascent freshmen, he appears in the rooms of the mathematical professor to be examined. Somehow at such a time the animal calorifactors become especially active and unbidden dew-drops tremble upon the lips and moisten the temples. Though neither poets nor novelists have delineated the play of the passions at that great crisis in the histories of young souls, there is in it *all* the requisite elements of a sublime episode in some still more sublime epic. And it was precisely in that case that this writer first met the poet Saxe. Having by good luck been called up first, I had passed the catechetical ordeal, and, as I trusted, come off alive, when the tall youth from Vermont was called. His figure and bearing were well calculated to attract the notice of strangers. He stood more than six feet high, but not exactly perpendicular, and his longitude was rather disproportionately divided among a pair of very long "walking-beams," a short body, and a lofty cervical column, surmounted by a small but well-set head. His breadth rather poorly compared with his height—a lack since well supplied; and, as was said of Bennet Langton, he looked for all the world like one of the flamingoes on Raphael's cartoons. The filling of his whole figure to the proportions of his attitude gave occasion for one of his characteristic puns, when he said of himself that his appearance in the streets was like a Colossus of (roads) Rhodes. More recently

he names his "growing waste" among the evidences that he is "growing old," though he is yet on the sunny-side of the century. Of the "demonstration" he made at the "blackboard" nothing further need be said than that from that day onward, figuratively as well as literally, John G. Saxe was our "tallest" freshman.

There are transition periods in the growth of boys into men as of young Shanghais from chickenhood to roostership, and during this period "gawkiness" is not a cause of reproach. So in college life, the earlier portion of the freshman year is the period of "gawkiness" and transformation; and, of course, the future poet of the "pine-tree state" compassed that period soon after the time just referred to. Those were the days of immense coat-collars, such as you may see pictured in portraits of General Jackson, who was the President, and of "tights" for the covering and adornment of the lower "limbs;" but these extravagances had only partially obtained among the yeomanry of the north-country, and so our young collegian made his *début* in a grizzled frock and broad-legged pantaloons. But as the spring suns loosen the long-worn coats of the serpent race, so did the sun of science operate upon the homely habiliments of our freshman. Before many weeks had gone by he was seen pacing the campus in a swallow-tailed blue, with brass buttons and high collar, and in gray "immentionables," tightly casing his elongated "walkers," strapped "taut" to both feet and shoulders, while a glossy silk beaver, set jauntily one-sided, completed the new exterior. The change was alike sudden and complete, as the locust, which first emerges from the earth a plain but sturdy "bug," and then emerges from itself a sprightly-winged insect, vocal with song, so "*poeta nascitur non fit*." I suspect that even you, grave seniors, peeped from your dormitories to note his stately steppings as he strode down the broad avenue, casting furtive glances upon himself and then gazing off into vacancy, and occasionally throwing his body at an angle of thirty degrees from the perpendicular, so as to insure a safe ejection of the essence of the savory weed. But a quarter century makes great changes, and with none more than among a body of college boys. We then fought our mimic battles at foot-ball, and settled the affairs of the whole world in the society halls; and now we are fighting them over again, on other areas and with other instruments. But the games are much the same now as then.

What interpretation do you Biblical critics give to that earnestly-expressed desire of the suffering man of Uz, that his "enemy would write a book?" To my fancy it sounds very much as if Job was a professional reviewer and wanted an opportunity to get hold of his enemy in his own specialty, and once for all avenge his multiplied sufferings. But here, not my enemy, but my *quondam* friend has written a book—ay, two books—and all unsought they come into my hands and seem to say, "Try your pen upon us, if you wish." So challenged, I come forth armed with my trusty steel—pen—to execute a critic on the poetry and genius of John G. Saxe; and, as my preface has been long, the work itself must be short.

It must be granted that, tried by the tests of fair

criticism, Saxe has earned for himself the name and style of a poet, as contradistinguished from a mere verse-monger. In the artistical work of poetical composition he has a good share of both positive and negative excellences. He has a ready and correct appreciation of rhythm and great practical facility in the arrangement of words and syllables *secundum artem*. He can marshal in due order the rhymed pentameters of Dryden and Pope as well as play with the varied and more sprightly measures of Moore and Tom Hood. His poetical style is natural and direct; his feet do not limp nor his rhymes grate when they ought to jingle. All this, to be sure, relates only to the outside of poetry, and it may exist without the inspiring soul. Still, its verbal structure is an important element of poetry. The intangible spirit dwells in certain verbal forms, and often really-good poetry is only prose if removed from its appropriate language. It is, therefore, the confession of a real excellence to ascribe to a candidate for "the bays" skill in the arts of versification.

As a poet Saxe ranks among the laughter-moving class. Wit and humor are the qualities he chiefly relies on, and he abounds in certain kinds of the former, but is almost wholly deficient in the latter. His appreciation of a pun is wonderful, and he can scent a *double entendre* further than a vulture can sniff blood, and his impulse to pursue that sort of game when started seems to be wholly irresistible. This proclivity is evinced in nearly all his compositions, and in many of them it constitutes the whole spirit of the piece, and often it obtrudes itself most inopportunately. I would not, as some do, wholly condemn this "figure of speech," though it should be used sparingly and only when it occurs naturally and appositely. It is, indeed, the "jester" of literature, and, like its prototype at baronial banquets, it may serve a good purpose when nothing better is at hand; but, like the same character, unless closely curbed, it may thrust itself forward when least desired.

Satire is at once the easiest and most difficult of all the forms of poetical compositions. For present effect in a limited circle it has great adaptation, and may be made an instrument of great power, though used by feeble and unskillful hands; but to raise it into a more elevated sphere so that it shall belong to all times and places requires the highest order of poetical genius. Mr. Saxe has not gone out of the beaten track in selecting subjects for his satirical muse, but has simply rung the changes on the time-worn commonplaces. He gave the pattern of William Allen Butler's "Flora M'Flimsey" in his "Proud Miss M'Bride," and run a cotemporary race with the same writer, duplicating his "Firkin" by his own "Money King," and to my notion in both instances the Vermonter had the best of it, which is only faint praise. A large share of these pieces were originally spoken at certain public occasions, and their style and composition are, doubtless, largely affected by that fact. In such cases present effect is the great object to be aimed at, and "bringing down the house" is the criterion of excellence. They, accordingly, abound in "execrable" puns, and quirks, and out-of-the-way witticisms, because broad

and farcical drollery is more readily appreciated than the most exquisite humor. But when the applauded "poem" of the "Hall" and "Rostrum" appears in plain and passionless print, the case is widely changed, and the former success promises very little for the present ordeal. But why need a writer care for the critics when "the million" applaud, and, what is better still, buy and pay for his productions? The man of the Ledger has taught these learned arbiters of literary jurisprudence that there may be an appeal from their grave decisions, and Mr. Saxe may comfort himself against their censures while multiplied editions of his books follow each other in rapid succession. Nor are these pieces destitute of real merit, and even their censured properties have their value. The capabilities of the language for punning was never before so thoroughly and successfully tested, nor were its hitherto unthought-of affinities ever before so fully brought into notice. As an instance of the successful imitation of sounds and motion by poetic measures the "Rhyme of the Rail" is unequalled, and the broad but pertinent burlesques upon the current "wise saws" are certainly not to be contemned.

But I strongly suspect that as yet Mr. Saxe has not done justice to either himself or the world in what he has written. His taste for the grotesque and amusing has allured him into a style of writing in which his better parts can have but a partial development, and at which he can hope to be little more than a superior kind of harlequin. But he is capable of a better destiny, and I am persuaded that if he ever attains to eminence it will be as a sentimental writer. That he has the needful elements of character for this I have no doubt, and am not without hope that these will at length become dominant in him. A large experience of the joys and sorrows of life, especially in the tender sympathies of the household, or, better still, in the yearning emotions of religious life might raise his muse into a higher sphere and attune his harp-strings to a sweeter and loftier melody. The pieces entitled "The Old Chapel Bell" and "Bereavement" sufficiently attest his capabilities in that kind of composition; the former is among the most exquisite in the language, and is alone worth all else that he ever wrote.

We have had a literary festival, the centennial of the birth of Schiller, when our *seans* and *litterateurs* and some who were neither the one nor the other, dined at the Astor, and drank toasts and made speeches ostensibly in honor of the great transcendentalist, of whom it may be safely said most of them knew very little, and had they known more they would not have cared to learn more.

Among the publishers there is just now very little of especial interest. The announcements for the early winter trade are unusually meager, and even the holiday offerings seem to present no peculiarly-attractive features. Still the book trade is active, and the great houses are reaping a golden harvest on account of the demand for books already published and known to the reading public. The trade in school books—the specialty of Barnes & Co. and of Ivison & Phinny, but somewhat shared by nearly every publishing house in the city—is immense and



highly profitable, and the style in which books of instruction are now made would have been a wonder half a century ago.

While writing about books permit me to do your readers a favor by directing their attention to certain elementary books of instruction, prepared by one of our citizens, Mr. G. P. Quackenbos, himself a practical educator. His work on "English Composition" has been before the public for a number of years past, and is gradually gaining the recognition it so richly deserves. For practical utility it infinitely excels all the "Philosophies of Rhetoric" that have ever been written, and both on account of its real value and its availability, even to the partially educated it is entitled to a place in all institutions of learning, from the college to the grammar school. Quite lately the same author has issued a concise system of natural philosophy, having many of the good qualities of the preceding work, and, both from its conciseness and the intelligibility of its explanations, well suited to the classes in high schools and academies. This unasked commendation I give not for the benefit of either author or publishers, but because I think it is deserved, and may be useful to some who may read it. A multiplicity of new text-books is one of the great evils endured by our schools; it, therefore, is a matter of interest to all concerned to learn where they may "get the best."

The Methodist Quarterly Review for October is a decidedly good number—comparing favorably with either its own former issues or the best of the first-

class Reviews of the country. As in former numbers the papers are chiefly by comparatively young writers, which I take to be a recommendation rather than otherwise. A good variety of subjects are discussed, including in their range philosophy, science, literature, and religion, and in most of the papers there is much to commend and some things to condemn. Some time since the readers of the Review were rather startled at an article on the "Moral Condition of Infants," which received the almost unanimous disapprobation of the Methodist press. In this number the subject is presented again—and here by one of our General conference editors—still more elaborately stating and attempting to defend the novel positions of the little essay of the late Mr. Mercein. A good share of liberty of thought is not objectionable in a publication designed chiefly for thinkers, but it may be questioned whether even that has not been a little overdone in this case. It is hardly the right thing that a publication designed to serve the interests of the Church, especially in defending its doctrines, should be used to undermine and destroy those doctrines.

But the great attraction of the Review since it came into the hands of Dr. Whedon is in the editorial department. In detached thoughts and passing observations he is especially acute and suggestive, and often after reading some book or paper his mind seems to scintillate with thoughts. I found some of these in the "book notices" of this number, not so much in the form of criticisms on the books named as of side reflections.

### Editor's Table.

LOON LAKE.—We open this volume with an exquisite engraving by Mr. Smilie, from an original painting by J. M. Hart, now in possession of N. B. Collins, Esq., of New York city. It was engraved expressly for this number, and our thanks are due to the proprietor, as well as the painter, for the free use of the original painting for this purpose.

We apprehend that many of our readers, as they gaze upon that dreamy picture, will mentally inquire, "Where is Loon Lake?" We said "dreamy." It is dreamy only as applied to the imagination; for it is a morning scene. It is a study for you, dear reader. See how those mists are being lifted up by the morning beams. And as they rise and evanesce, how natural is the scene disclosed! Albeit, it is nature's own stern solitude and jagged wildness. Suppose, then, we confess that even we—the editor who "knows every thing"—is ignorant of the geographical position of "Loon Lake." What though it exists only in the ideal of the artist? Is not the conception true to nature? May you not go forth and behold each feature in its appropriate season and place? This picture may be a perfect transcript from nature. But its value is not in the fact that it is a transcript from, but a study of nature. The artist quickens our dull apprehension. He would teach us that what he makes so beautiful on the canvas, has its counterpart

in the living realities of nature all around us. It is true that his pictures are in themselves a study. We should regard them as such. No one can comprehend them unless time, and thought, and study be given to them. But after all they are only a preparatory lesson, designed to quicken our perception, deepen our interest, improve our methods. Then they would lead us out to study nature as she is portrayed in the pictures of the great Artist. These pictures, which we give you from month to month, have a higher office than merely to please the eye or the fancy. They possess a deep-toned moral significance. No individual can rise from the *thorough study* of any one of the productions of our great artists without having ever after a better appreciation of nature, a more thorough comprehension of the delicate minutiae, the interlacing of small particulars, whose harmonious blending makes up her grand and glorious pictures. Thus while such a picture as nature presents fills the mind with wonder, it also inspires us with reverence for the mind that conceived it and the hand that gave it being. Kind reader, take these hints. In the light of them study these gems of art. Then will you find that even pictures have a higher and holier purpose than merely to please the eye.

PORTRAIT OF REV. ALFRED GRIFFITH.—This is the first and only portrait ever published of this old and

venerated pioneer of Methodism. It was granted as a special favor for our pages—and it is a favor our readers will appreciate. It is to be regretted that some of the noblest heroes of Methodism have passed away without leaving behind them any portrait or picture by which their likenesses might be preserved and handed down to posterity. There is a moral power in a portrait. The likeness of General Washington, however rudely expressed, hanging upon the dingy walls of cabins and cottages of the poor and the ignorant, kindles the love of country, the fire of patriotism in millions who will never read his history. So these portraits, which we give from time to time, are not a mere compliment to men; they are a lesson to the present and the future generations.

The well-written sketch by Dr. Nadal will amply repay the reading. We hope none will pass over it.

**SHELLS OF THE OCEAN.**—Such is the subject of our Title-Page to the volume for 1860, which we have had engraved on steel and send out with this number. It was drawn and engraved by Mr. F. E. Jones, and we think our readers will agree with us that he has succeeded in producing a delicate and beautiful picture. It is more than that; it is suggestive.

Omitting for a moment its deeper lessons, we insert for the benefit of the reader the beautiful song—"Shells of the Ocean"—composed by Lake, and set to music by Cherry. It is closely allied to the conception of the artist—perhaps suggested it.

"One summer eve, with pensive thought,  
I wandered on the sea-beat shore,  
Where oft in heedless, infant sport,  
I gathered shells in days before.

The plashing wave like music fell,  
Responsive to my fancy wild;  
A dream came o'er me like a spell;  
I thought I was again a child.

I stooped upon the pebbly strand  
To cull the toys that round me lay,  
But as I took them in my hand,  
I threw them one by one away.

O thus, I said, in every stage,  
By toys our fancy is beguiled;  
We gather shells from youth to age,  
And then we leave them like a child."

It may be that the ocean view and the poet's moral make a deeper impression upon us than they will on many of our readers. In childhood we also wandered upon "the sea-beat shore;" the sound of the "plashing wave," like the far-off echo of former days, even now comes back to our ear; we have gathered its shells and thrown them "one by one away." Nor is this all. In the maturity of manhood we have walked again upon that "pebbly strand," and there the recollections of "long, long ago" came back to us like a rushing flood. Wonder not, then, that we feel the power of those beautiful lines and of this expressive ocean view.

As we have stood upon some jutting rock and looked away down into the misty depths of the ocean, we have often been reminded of the old Greek fable of Glaucus, the fisherman. A certain herb gave strength to his fish to leap back into their native element. Eating of the same herb he was seized with a strange longing to follow them, and thenceforth

became the companion of the semi-human beings that in Grecian fancy reveled beneath the waves,

"Joining the bliss of the gods, as they waken the coves with their laughter."

Does not this fable symbolize that mysterious impulse which sometimes seizes upon the mind as the eye follows the steep descent of the bottom fading away in the dim distance—to go down and explore the hidden depths of the ocean? Those wondrous depths, after all the soundings of the navigator and the scoopings of the naturalist, are explored rather by the imagination than by the eye. But there is another ocean of which this is the symbol, on the shores of which we stand, whose mysteries are around us, whose depths we would fain explore. It is the ocean of eternity. Its surges roll up almost to our feet. We shall sound its awful depths by and by.

We know of no spot so well calculated to inspire deep and thoughtful emotions as the shore of the ocean when the still evening, relieved by the mild beams of the rising moon, spreads a holy calmness all around. For one who knows how to meditate; who sends out his very soul in communing with the great and the grand in nature; who soars thus upward to communion with the Infinite, no other place can equal the ocean shore. The unceasing roll of the waves, their plaintive monotone as they break upon the strand, the broad expanse spread out in a dead level of unvarying uniformity, may seem dull, monotonous, and dreary to him who sees only with the physical eye. But with what unending mystic lore is it freighted; what mysterious intimations of wonderful possibilities, to be realized in the future, does it impart to him whose intellectual soul enters into communion with it! This sentiment is well indicated in Percival's "Calm at Sea." We give only the two closing stanzas:

"The moon is bright,  
Her ring of light,  
In silver, pales the blue of heaven,  
Or tints with gold  
Where lightly rolled,  
Like fleecy snow, the rack is driven.  
  
How calm and clear  
The silent air!  
How smooth and still the glassy ocean!  
While stars above  
Seem lamps of love,  
To light the temple of devotion."

**ARTICLES DECLINED.**—The following are respectfully declined; namely, "Little Maud," "The Isle of If," "Wood-Pigeon in Spring," "Autumn Musings," "After the Storm," "To the Memory of—," "To One in Affliction," "The Laughing Streamlet," "The Baby," "Pearl of Great Price," "A Mother's Soliloquy," "Alone with God," "What Christ Came for," "What I Love," "Earth and Heaven," "Man's Life," "Power of God," "Depths of the Ocean," "True Wisdom," "The Broken Household," "The Dew-Drop," and "I am Going Home."

"November Thoughts" is written in a style somewhat abrupt and is not without its value, but we can hardly use it. "God shall Wipe away all Tears," with some revision and consolidation, might have been used. "Mary and Charley" lacks point. A

large number of sketches and poems on the death of children have been received. We always lay aside such articles with regret. Their publication would, no doubt, bring some degree of comfort to bleeding hearts. But necessity knows no law.

**HINTS TO CONTRIBUTORS.**—The following hints may be useful to some who write for us:

1. Do not undertake to write unless you have something to write about.
2. Think out your subject thoroughly and clearly.
3. Condense your article into the least possible space.
4. Write with a good, clear hand, and only on one side of the paper.
5. If your article is rejected make up your mind it is because it was not worth printing. Editors are not apt to throw away articles of real value.

**HOW TO BECOME A CONTRIBUTOR.**—We are in the constant reception of letters from young writers desirous of becoming contributors, or inquiring how they may obtain introduction to the editors of the popular magazines. We can not reply to these letters in detail, and, therefore, answer them here:

1. We can make no terms with an unknown writer, nor obligate ourselves to insert any article which has not been actually received and examined.
2. Certificates of character and talents are good, but the editor can determine nothing by them without a specimen from the writer.
3. Our list of contributors is very large, but we always have room for contributions which bear the stamp of genius and skillful execution.
4. The best way for a young writer to introduce himself to an editor is to send the very best article he is capable of preparing. This will generally receive prompt attention. The miner does not rejoice more when he has found an ingot of gold, than the editor when he has found a genuine writer.

**THE HEAVEN-TALKER.**—The western Agents have now in course of publication "Life among the Choctaw Indians, and Sketches of the South-West," by Rev. H. C. Benson, A. M., formerly missionary, but now of the California conference. We clip from the proofs the following incident, to give our readers a taste of the forthcoming work. Mr. Page, one of the missionaries, was remarkably successful in imparting rich views of heaven and the necessity of fitness for it to the youngest and simplest minds among the untutored savages. "Calling at a cabin where he had preached two or three times on previous occasions, a little daughter, not more than four years of age, recognised him, and addressed him as follows:

"Are you the heaven-talker?"

"Yes," said Page, "I am a preacher."

"Will you heaven-talk now?"

"No, not now," said Page.

"Will you heaven-talk after we eat supper?"

"Yes, I will preach after supper. Do you love such talk?"

"Yes," said the child, "I do; for it will make our hearts good and then take us up to live with God in heaven."

"That little daughter had never been taught the

truths of revelation; her parents were not pious and wholly destitute of education, not even speaking a word of English. The child had learned the first lessons of Divine truth from the lips of the minister of the Gospel, and in listening to the word on two or three occasions only she had grasped the great and essential doctrines of practical religion. In the humble hovel of the rude denizens of the forest there are many bright intellects that eagerly search for living truth, and the messenger of Christ, with the Divine blessing, will gather many of them into the fold of the good Shepherd—jewels that shall bedeck the crown of the Savior." Would that all Christ's ministers were "heaven-talkers!"

**CONSTITUTIONAL POWERS OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE,** is the title of a work also in course of publication at the Western Book Concern, by Professor W. L. Harris, of the Ohio Wesleyan University.

**ANOTHER WORK BY DR. ELLIOTT** on the subject of slavery is announced as being already prepared. We have not space for an outline, but from the announcement we judge it takes up the subject where it was left in that little work on the Bible and Slavery, and views it in its relation to the post-apostolic times coming down to the present day.

**JANUARY 1, 1860.**—To-day, dear reader, you have crossed the line that separates between the old and the new year. You stand upon the frontier of a new and untraveled region. It has been well said that pilgrims through time, unlike pilgrims through space, must of necessity be ignorant of the region before them. We have no map of the future to consult; no report of previous explorers to study; and can climb no "mount of vision" which commands the prospect of our future path. What sights we shall see, what perils and difficulties we shall encounter, or how near we are to the dark river which flows through all the region, crossing the very path we must travel, and from which we may not turn back, are things which no glance of thought can ascertain and which no prophet is permitted to foretell. Shall we then start back with alarm? shall we tremble with fear? Nay, if we are the children of God, and living for the great purpose of glorifying him, we may take to ourselves that gracious promise, which shall be our "pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night"—"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." A promise like this, having relation to manifestations of mercy, which are not merely circumstantial or temporary, shall retain its force in every age and prove applicable to God's people every-where. "The promise given to Joshua was also meant for Paul; the promise meant for Moses was also meant for us. There it is on the page waiting for appropriation. It is as surely ours as if, like the message to the shepherds at Bethlehem, it came to us, with stroke of light and rush of mystic music, straight from the eternal throne." Let us then, dear reader, march boldly along the sacred line of duty—not doubting but the Divine "presence shall go with us and give us peace."

This may be a solemn, but to us at least it is not a sad introduction to the greeting of "a happy new year" which we would send to all our readers.







H. J. JONES DEL.

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